

SUSPENSE

COMICS

NO.
11

10¢

This Stands for Honorable Service
to Our Country



[illegible]

GEORGE F. JOWETT

Puny weak and sickly condemned to die at 15, remodeled and rebuilt his own body to magnificent proportions and size and became the World's Record Holder the Strength Let him tell you how even into a he-man of might and muscle



"In 10 minutes a day in your own home
let me **REBUILD YOUR**
Arms, Chest, Back, Legs and Grip!

Let me make **YOU**

TOUGH as a
MARINE

from head to toe... **COMPLETE**
says
George F. Jowett

World's Mightiest Builder of Men and
Holder of More Strength Records
Than Any Living Athlete or Teacher

READ:—

What these one-time
weaklings say about this
amazing man JOWETT:—

**100-lb. Weakling to
Man of Might**

"I weighed less than 100
lbs., but I achieved power,
strength, health and a mighty
body and build by following
Jowett's methods."

James Gagliardi

Becomes 180-lb. Gloat

"I began with Jowett when
I was little more than 125.
I developed my chest from
33" to 44" and my biceps
from 12 1/2 to 16 1/2."

Fred Jergensen

Gained 40 Mighty Pounds

"I had an injury requiring
20 stitches when I started on
the Jowett method. I'm fully
restored, my body is a Power
House and I can list my weight
in Wildcat."

Sam Lupo

**Becomes Strong Man
Medal**

"I was skinny, long and lanky
less than 130 lbs. Now I'm a
200-lb. Artist Model and
powerfully developed in every
way thanks to Jowett."

Ralph Shofe

Let me give you the astonishing secrets that rebuilt me from a skinny, sickly weak of 15
into the holder of more strength records than any other athlete or teacher. Let me do for
you what I've done for myself and for thousands of men and boys, many of whom tell me
how grateful they are because I turned them from the shame of their poor, scrawny, puny
bodies and gave them instead might and power, alert strength and health; big, handsome
bodies they were proud of. Give me just 10 minutes a day and let my Power Progressive
Power Method Pack your body with Power and Might, with Solid Walls of Muscle to replace
your Flabby Flesh!

**You'll Gain INCHES and POUNDS of Steel Spring
Muscle . . . or I Don't Want a Cent of Your Money!**

The Astonishing Professional Secret revealed in
Jowett's World Famous **PROGRESSIVE POWER**
METHOD has made thousands of scrawny weak-
lings and lightweight into Big, Musky He-Men of
Might and Muscle, Solid and Powerful. Let me prove to
YOU that you can get inches of dynamic muscle on
your arm! Add inches to your chest! Girden your
shoulders and power-pack the rest of your body. I
want to do for you what I've done for thousands like

world over, including many officers and men now in
the U. S. and British Armed Forces!

No matter how skinny or flabby you are, you can
train my methods right in your own home. Through
my proved secrets I show you how to develop your
power, build and soul, until **YOU** are fully ignited
that you are the man you want to be. "The Jowett
System", 1891 R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic
City, is the greatest in the world!"

**Muscular Magic for ARMS, CHEST, BACK, LEGS and GRIP
LAST CHANCE TO GET ALL 5 FAMOUS PICTURE COURSES FOR \$1**

Let me build your whole body into
meat and muscle; make you every
inch a big powerful he-man
for men and women to ad-
mire. Mail coupon now!

SEND NOW FOR THESE FAMOUS COURSES 116 Book Form

NOW **25c** each. **5 for \$1**
ONLY **25c** ALL **5** ONLY **1**

**Jowett's Photo Book
of Famous Strong Men FREE!**



This amazing book has guided thou-
sands of weaklings to muscular
power. Packed with photos of
muscle men of might and mus-
cles who trained perhaps weak-
er than you are. Read the
thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength
that inspired his pupils to follow him.
They'll show you the best way to build
and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book
of PHOTOS of FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

FREE GIFT COUPON!

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 940, New York 1, N. Y.

George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send
by return mail, prepaid, the material checked below, for
which I enclose \$1. I include FREE book of PHOTOS.

☐ All 5 courses for \$1. ☐ Molding Mighty Legs 25c
☐ Molding a Mighty Arm 25c ☐ Molding a Mighty Grip 25c
☐ Molding a Mighty Back 25c ☐ Molding a Mighty Chest 25c
☐ Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage). No orders less
than \$1 sent C.O.D.

YOU, TOO, CAN BUILD YOURSELF A MIGHTY BODY!

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

230 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. 940, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

NAME Age
Please Print Plainly Include Zone Number

ADDRESS

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AFTER

I MURDERED

SANDRA

THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME I THOUGHT I FELT HIS PRESENCE... A FEW MINUTES AFTER I MURDERED SANDRA! I HAD A FEELING THAT HE PLACED A HAND ON MY SHOULDER AFTER I COMMITTED THE PERFECT MURDER! SINCE I WAS TOTALLY BEYOND FEAR, I KNEW IT WAS MY IMAGINATION! OF COURSE, I DIDN'T KNOW HER NAME WAS SANDRA THEN.....



WRITTEN BY
JACK CROOKS

ODD THAT I SHOULD FEEL AS THOUGH HE PLACED A HAND ON MY SHOULDER AFTER I COMMITTED THE **PERFECT MURDER!** HE CANNOT EXIST, THEREFORE HE IS NOBODY.... IN FACT I SHALL CALL HIM **MISTER NOBODY** IF I EVER GET THE FEELING AGAIN....



A SENSE OF HUMOR IS INVALUABLE! I SHALL WRITE AN ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER I HAVE COMMITTED! IT SHOULD AFFORD A GREAT DEAL OF AMUSEMENT IN THE FUTURE.....



THERE WAS NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT MY RETURNING TO THE CLUB AT DAWN.

GOOD MORNING, MR. STACEY! LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO BE A NICE DAY!

YES, HARRISON, IT CERTAINLY DOES!



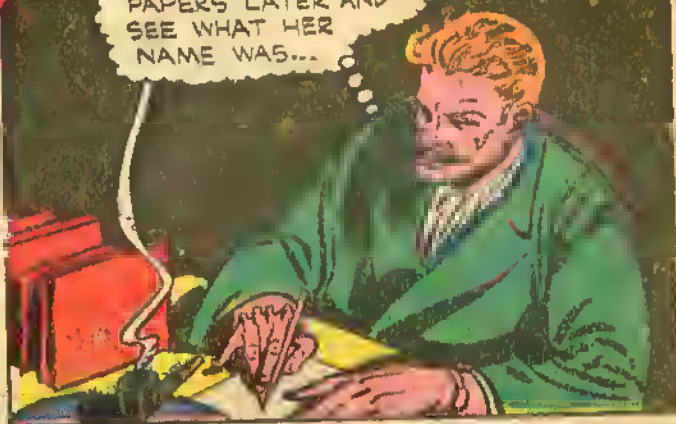
MEANWHILE.....

....INDEED, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ODD FOR ME TO HAVE RETIRED EARLIER. A WRITER KEEPS UNCERTAIN HOURS....

WELL, I'VE DONE IT! ALL THE GREAT DETECTIVE BRAINS IN THE WORLD SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE!



I'LL LOOK AT THE PAPERS LATER AND SEE WHAT HER NAME WAS...



Last night the idea came to me after fighting a war. writing seems very tame. so I decided to commit the perfect crime for a long time. I had known for a long time that a thing like this was possible. despite the vapourings of the so-called criminologists.

IT'S VERY SIMPLE! MY VICTIM SHALL BE SOMEONE WHOM I'VE NEVER SEEN... THUS THERE CAN BE NO CONNECTION! NOW, TO RETURN TO THE CLUB'S GUN-ROOM!

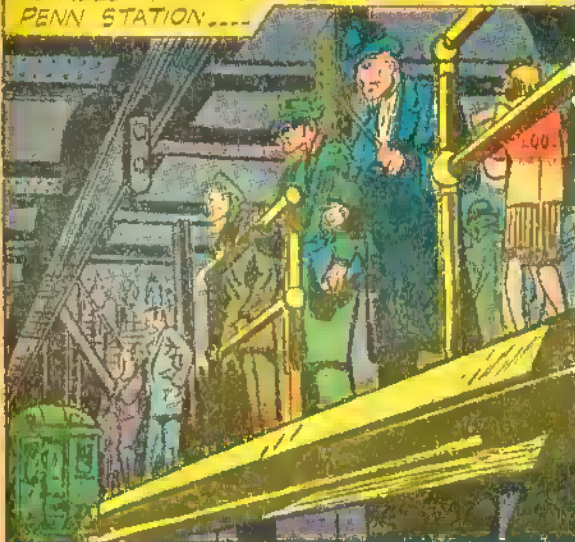


I TOOK AN AUTOMATIC THAT WAS CERTAIN NOT TO BE MISSED, AND POSITIVELY NEVER QUESTIONED AMONG SUCH A SELECT MEMBERSHIP.....

A PLAIN THIRTY-EIGHT COLT AUTOMATIC....



... I MINGLED WITH THE CROWD AND
BOARDED AN UPTOWN EXPRESS AT
PENN STATION....



... I DISEMBARKED AT TIMES SQUARE, AND
WALKED SLOWLY NORTH TO FIFTY-SECOND STREET



... THE BROWN-OUT HELPED,
AND THE CURFEW HAD SENT
MOST PEOPLE HOME
EARLY, NOW WAS THE TIME



... MY BATTLE-KEEN EARS TOLD
ME THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE
IN THE BLOCK....



... AS SHE DREW NEAR, I
TOOK OUT THE AUTO-
MATIC AND SHOT HER IN
THE FOREHEAD!



... I CALMLY, POKETED THE GUN, AND AGAIN
WALKED LEISURELY TO BROADWAY WHERE I
MINGLED WITH THE CROWD, UNNOTICED. I
DOUBT IF THE SHOT WAS HEARD, AS THE
CITY IS FULL OF STRANGE NOISES!



... MAKING MY WAY THROUGH THE THROG,
I BOARDED A SOUTHBOUND LOCAL, HEAD-
ING FOR MY LAB ON TWENTY-FIFTH
STREET. BEING A WEALTHY AND PROM-
INENT WRITER, FEW PEOPLE PAID ANY
ATTENTION TO MY ODD HABITS....



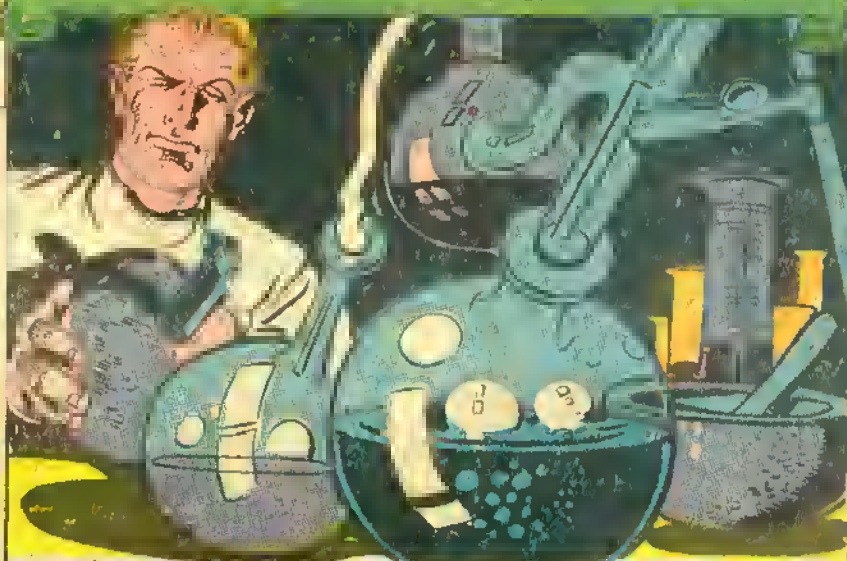
...MY HOBBY OF DABBLING IN CHEMISTRY HAD HELPED ME MANY TIMES IN WRITING ABOUT MURDER, BUT TONIGHT IT WAS TO HELP ME TO COMPLETE ONE!



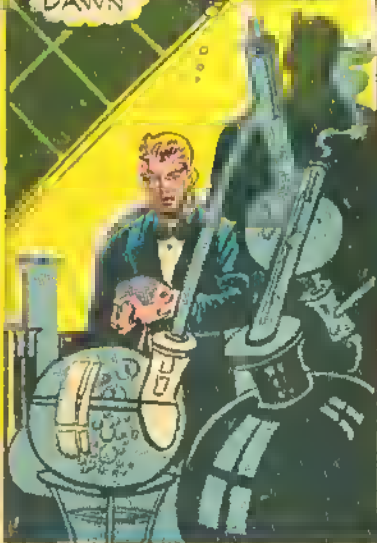
... THE FIRST THING I DID WAS TO SOAK MY HANDS IN PARAFFIN TO BE SURE NO GLYPH POWDER HAD BEEN IMBEDDED IN MY PORES.....



... THEN I PACKED THE MURDER WEAPON IN CONCRETE TO WHICH A SPECIAL DRIER HAD BEEN ADDED....



THREE-THIRTY....PLENTY OF TIME TO TAKE THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY, AND BE BACK BEFORE DAWN



EVEN THE GREATEST DREDGE IN THE WORLD WILL NEVER RECOVER THIS WEAPON....



VERY STRANGE! I KNOW I'M ALONE OUT HERE, AND YET I SEEM TO SEE....



OH-HO, THAT STRANGE FEELING AGAIN! HERE'S WHERE MY SENSE OF HUMOR COMES IN! MR. NOBODY, I PRESUME?



YOU COLD-BLOODED MURDERER! YOU SHOT DOWN AN INNOCENT GIRL TO PROVE A STUPID THEORY! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME, HOWEVER... EVEN IF YOU HAVE COMMITTED A "PERFECT MURDER"!

OH, BUT I CAN ESCAPE YOU! YOU'RE JUST A PRODUCT OF MY IMAGINATION! I SIMPLY REFUSE TO BELIEVE IN YOU!



...and that was that. By merely exercising my will, I refuted my imaginative stranger, and came back to the club awaking. I read the papers and learned the girl's name. It was Sandra Sloan, and all police were baffled, as I knew they would be....



THAT AFTERNOON I DROPPED IN ON MY FRIEND, COMMISSIONER MARTIN OF THE HOMICIDE BUREAU TO TEST ANOTHER THEORY...

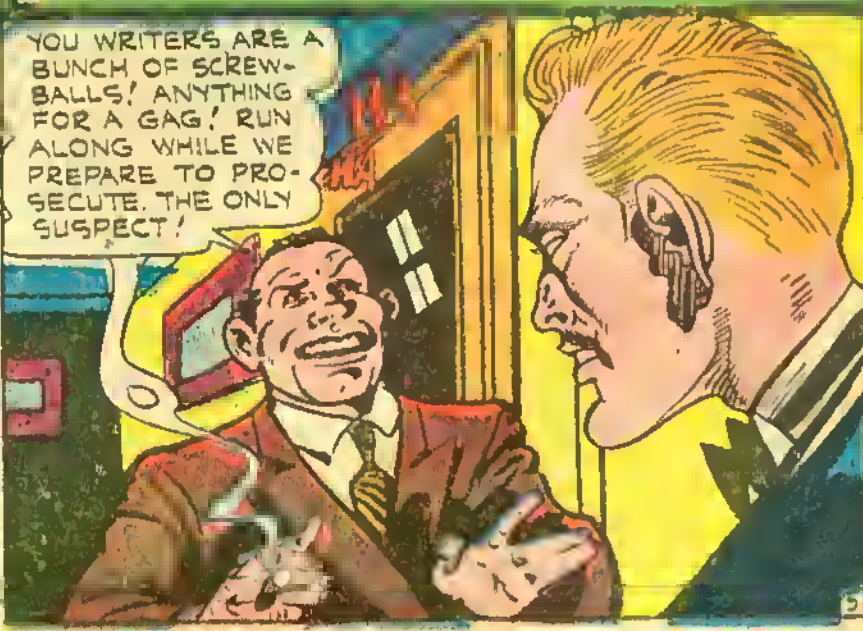
SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL SHOW-GIRL ON HER WAY HOME! WE'VE GOT ONE SUSPECT... A SMALL-TIME GAMBLER THAT USED TO BE HER BOY-FRIEND... BUT THE EVIDENCE IS ONLY CIRCUMSTANTIAL!



I CONFESSED TO THE MURDER, AND TOLD THE ENTIRE STORY.

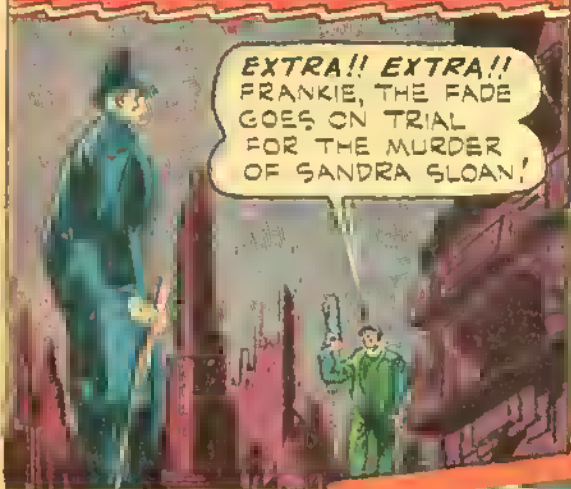


OF COURSE HE DIDN'T BELIEVE ME! I KNEW HE WOULDN'T.



YOU WRITERS ARE A BUNCH OF SCREWBALLS! ANYTHING FOR A GAG! RUN ALONG WHILE WE PREPARE TO PROSECUTE THE ONLY SUSPECT!

THE TRIAL WAS A SENSATION AS YOU PROBABLY REMEMBER!



I WENT TO THE TRIAL! I WANTED TO SEE FRANKIE, THE FADE CONVICTED FOR THE MURDER I HAD COMMITTED!



YOU HAVE NO ALIBI FOR YOUR WHEREABOUTS AT THE TIME, FRANKIE... AND YOU DO OWN A THIRTY-EIGHT COLT!



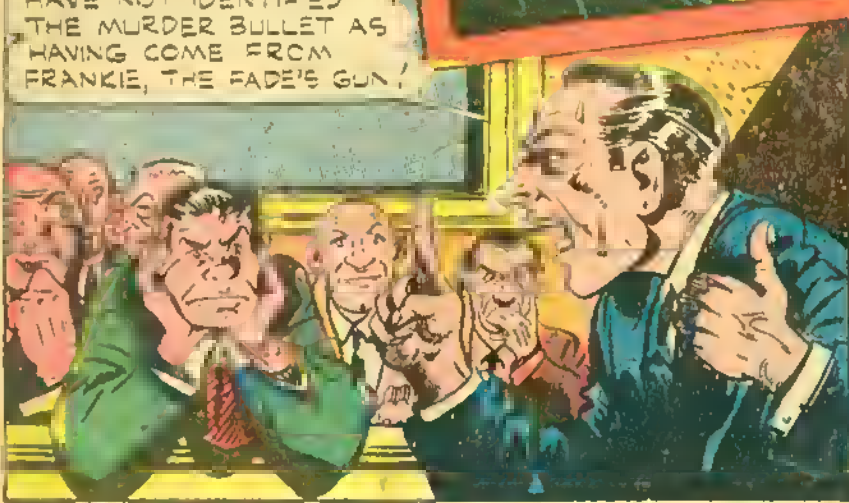
FRANKIE WAS JILTED BY THE DECEASED SANDRA SLOAN, AND WAS HEARD TO SAY HE WOULD KILL HER IF SHE TRIED TO MARRY ANYBODY ELSE! HE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY... THE WEAPON... AND THE MOTIVE!



THAT BOY'LL BE GOVERNOR SOME DAY! HERE'S THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY!

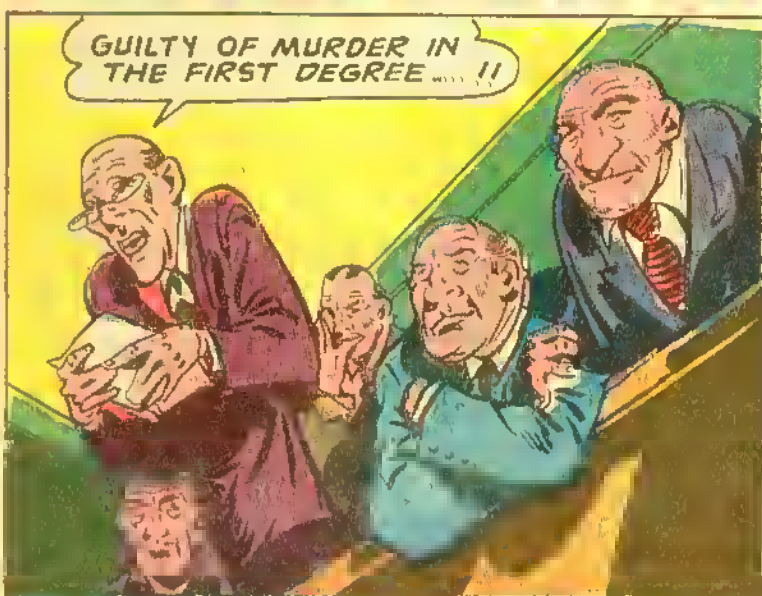
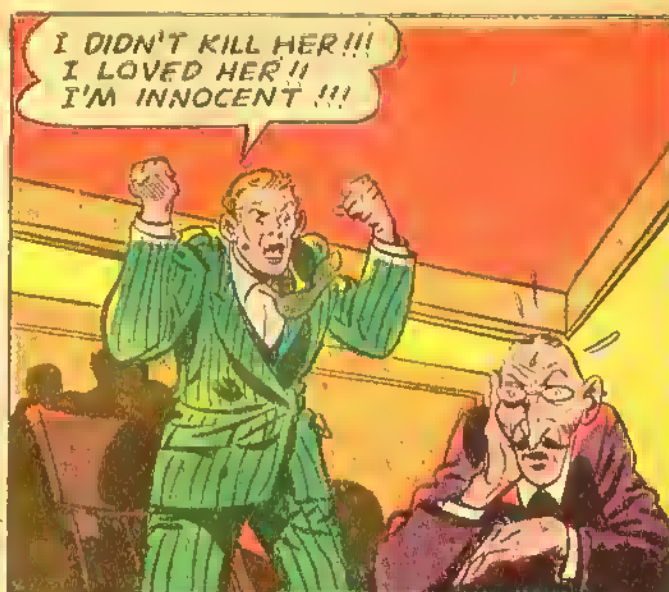
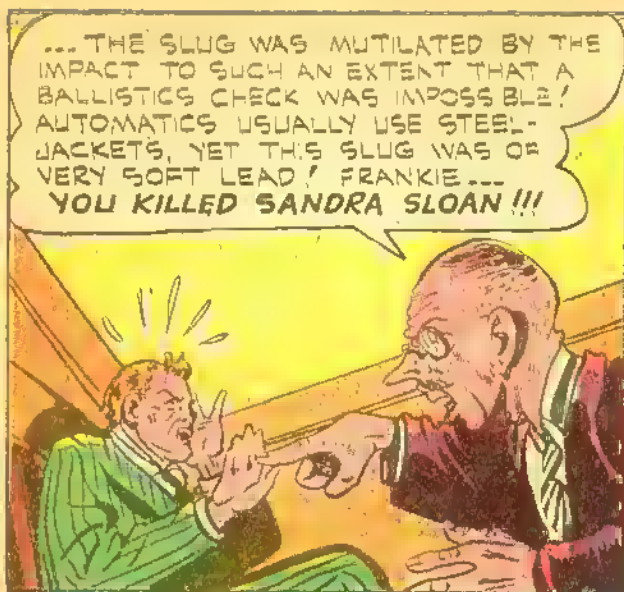


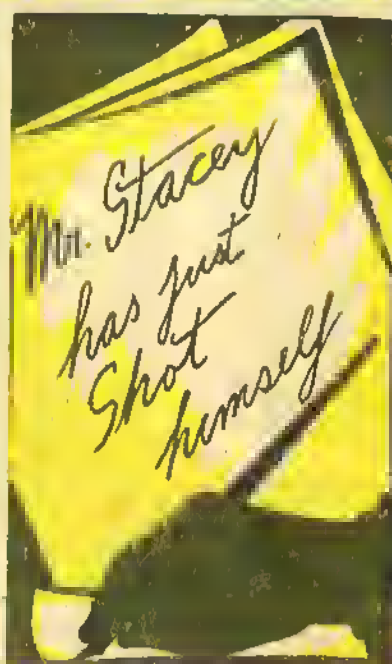
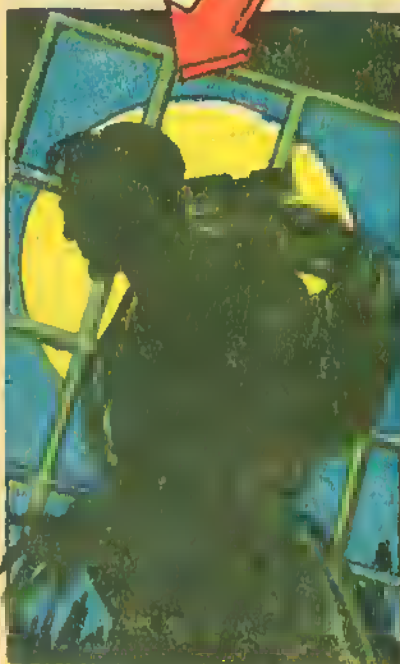
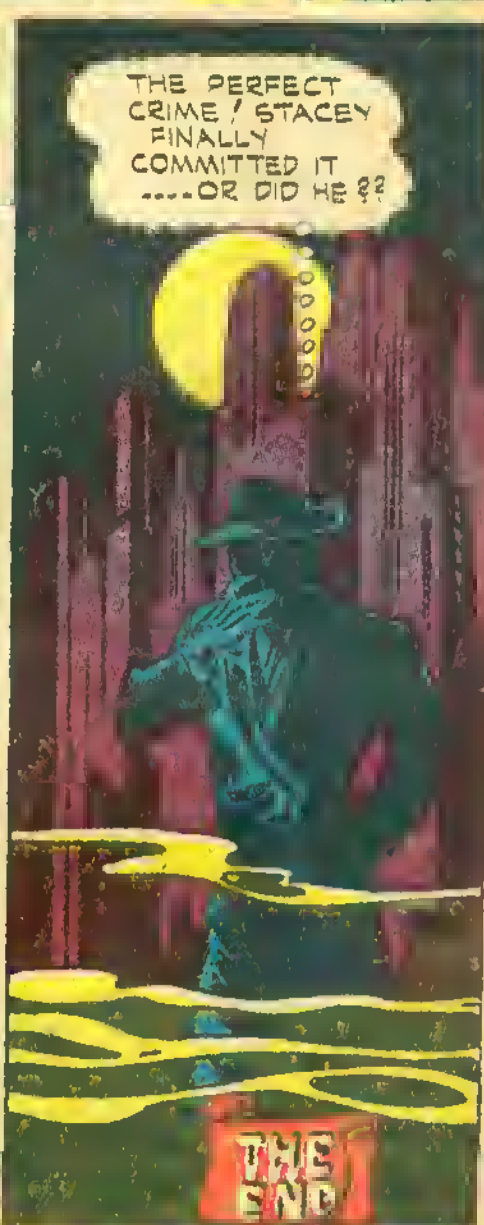
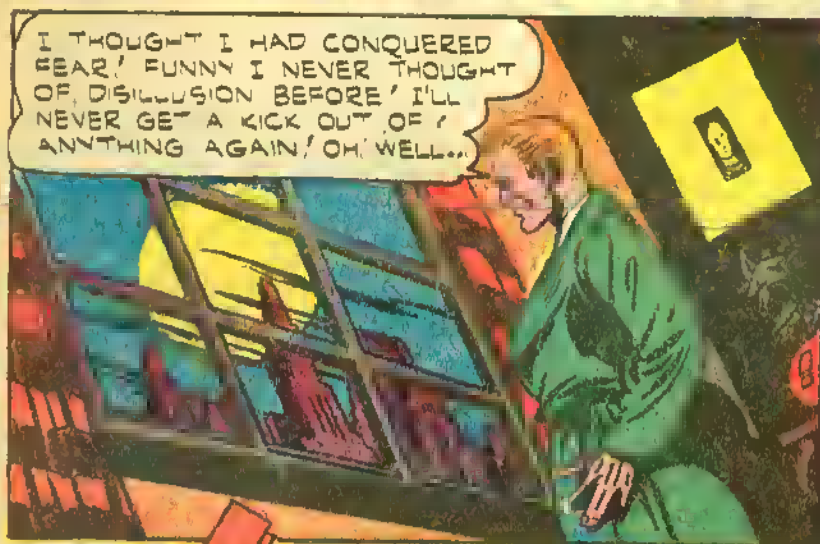
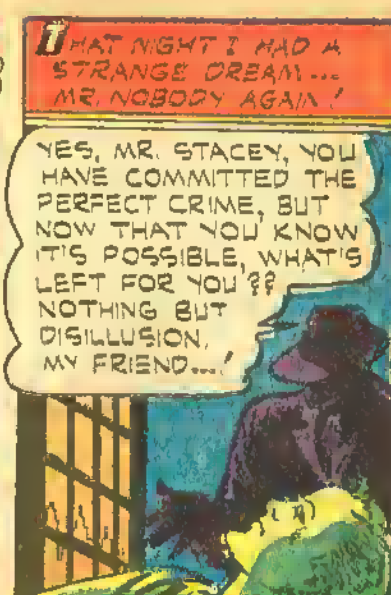
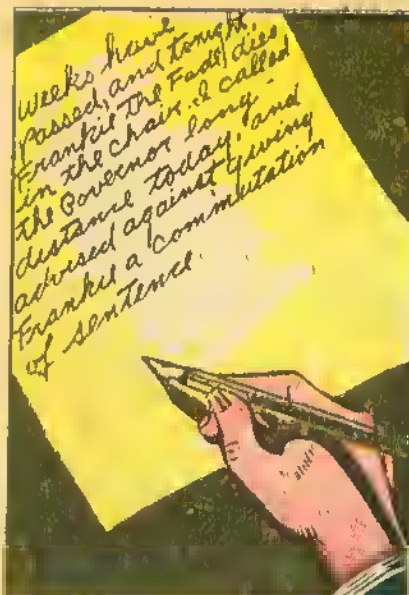
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE BALLISTICS EXPERTS HAVE NOT IDENTIFIED THE MURDER BULLET AS HAVING COME FROM FRANKIE, THE FADE'S GUN!

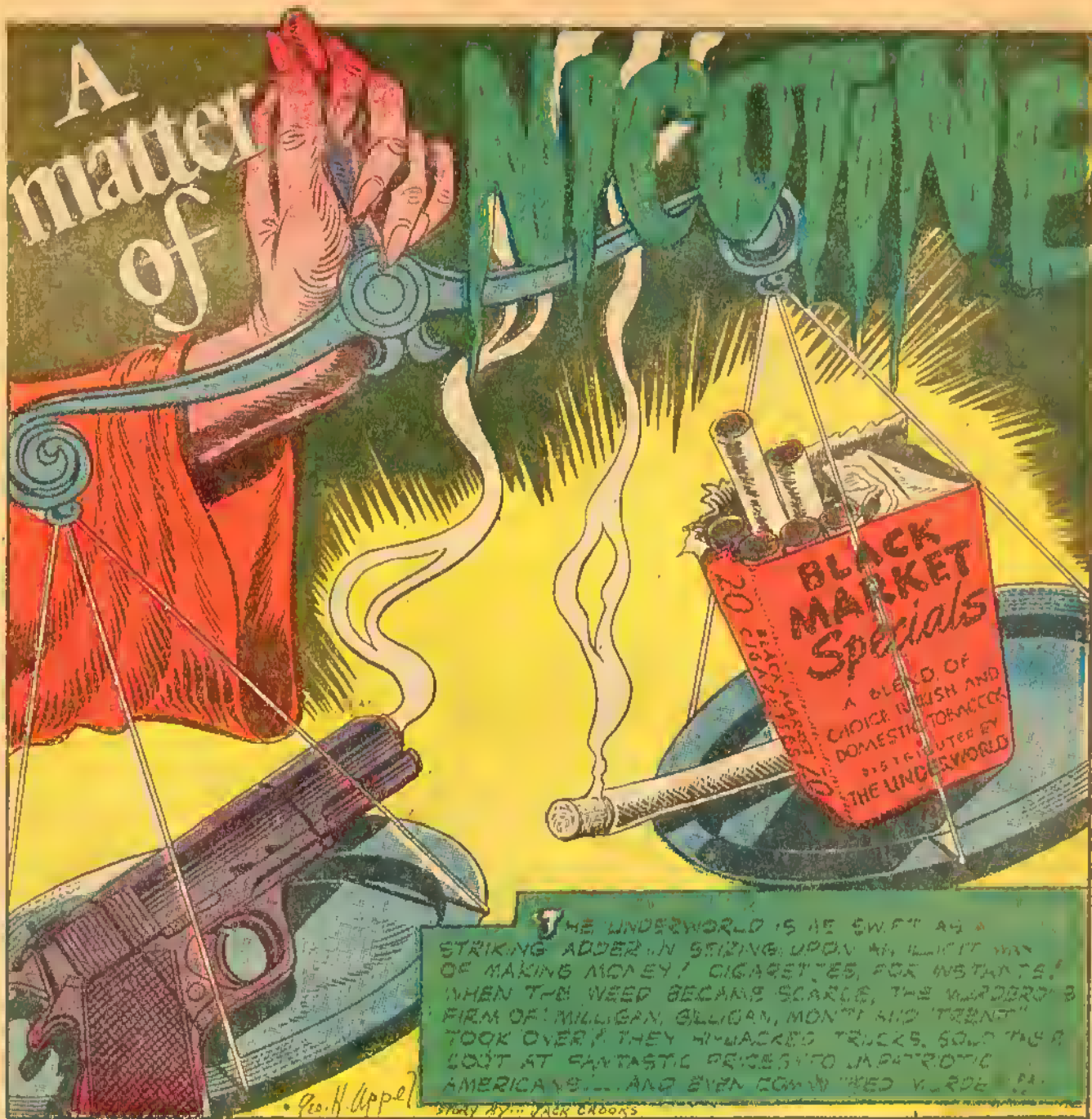


NO, COUNSELLOR, THEY HAVEN'T, BECAUSE....







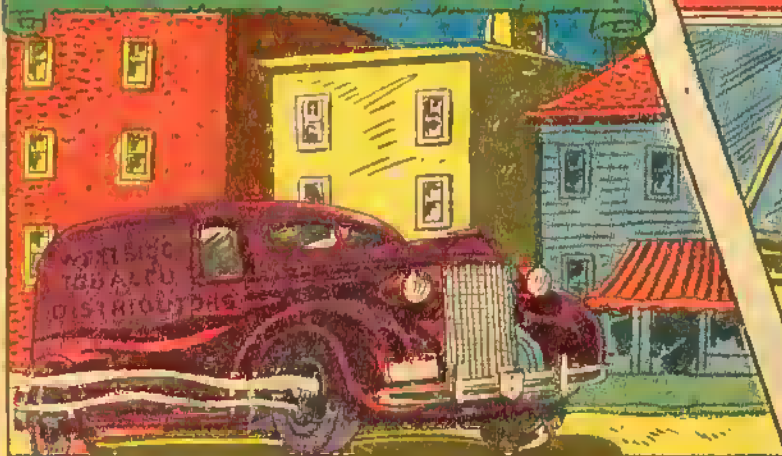


THE UNDERWORLD IS AS SWEET AS A STRIKING ADDER IN SEIZING UPON AN ILLEGAL WAY OF MAKING MONEY? CIGARETTES, FOR INSTANT. WHEN THE NEED BECAME SCARCE, THE WARDROB'S FIRM OF MILLIGAN, GILLIGAN, MONTI AND TRENT TOOK OVER. THEY HI-JACKED TRUCKS, SOLD THE CIGS AT FANTASTIC PRICES TO IMPATIENT AMERICANS... AND EVEN COMBINED FOR

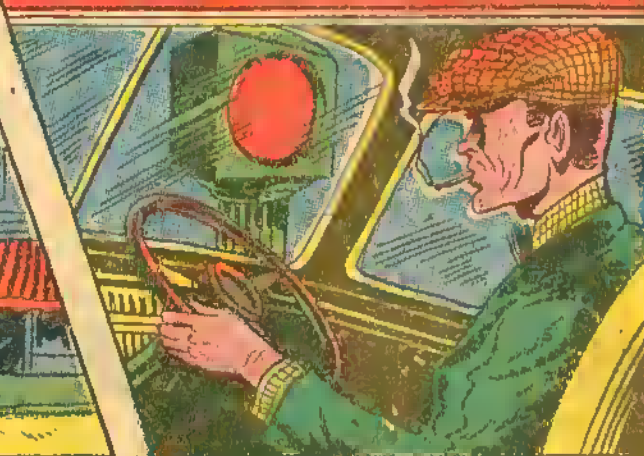
• Geo. H. Appel

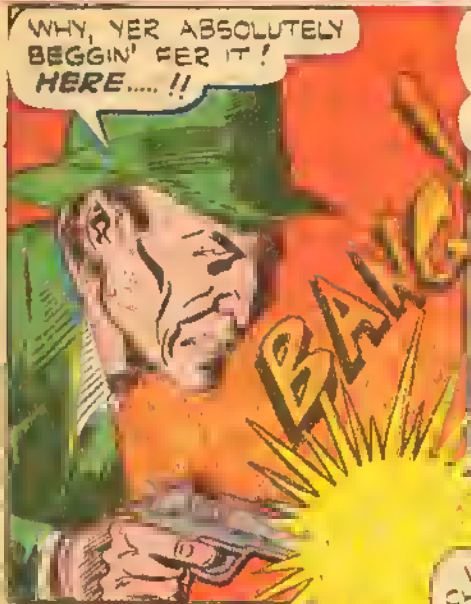
Story by JACK CARROLL

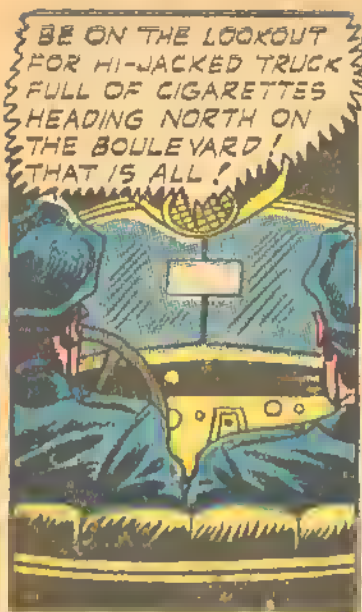
ONE NIGHT JOE BENDER WAS MAKING LATE DELIVERIES OF THE PRECIOUS LEAF.



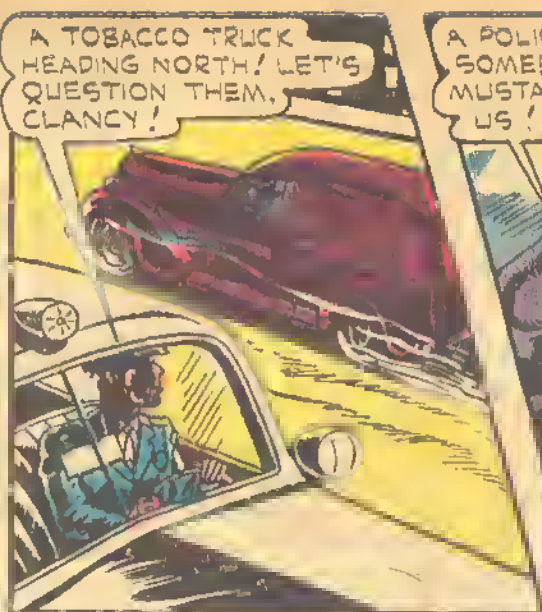
STOPPING FOR A TRAFFIC LIGHT... HE LIT A CIGARETTE... WHEN S. TOENLY...



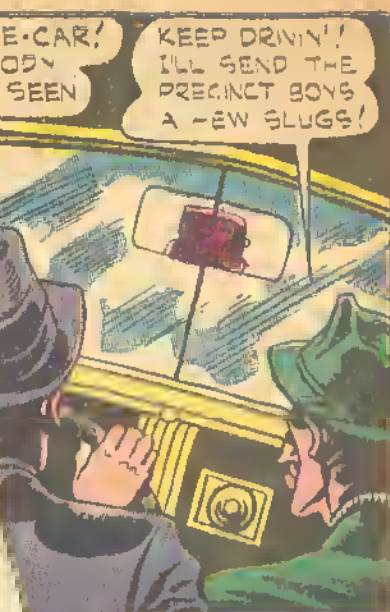




BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR HI-JACKED TRUCK FULL OF CIGARETTES HEADING NORTH ON THE BOULEVARD! THAT IS ALL!

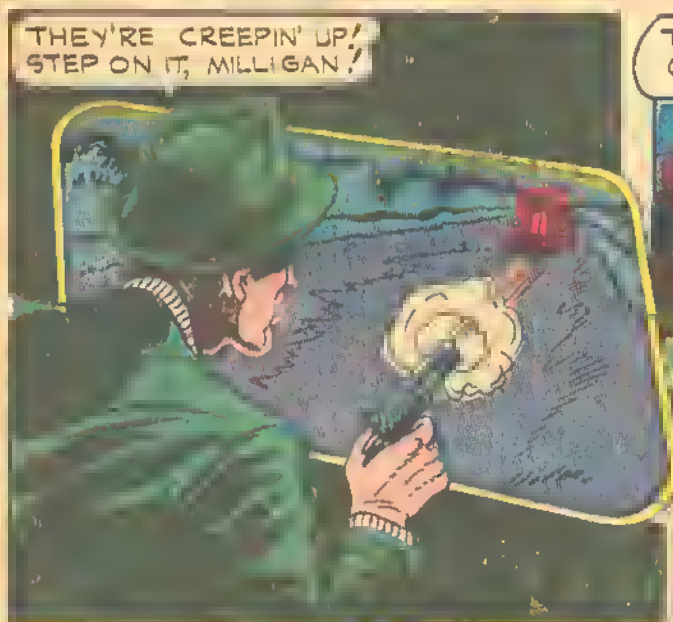


A TOBACCO TRUCK HEADING NORTH! LET'S QUESTION THEM, CLANCY!

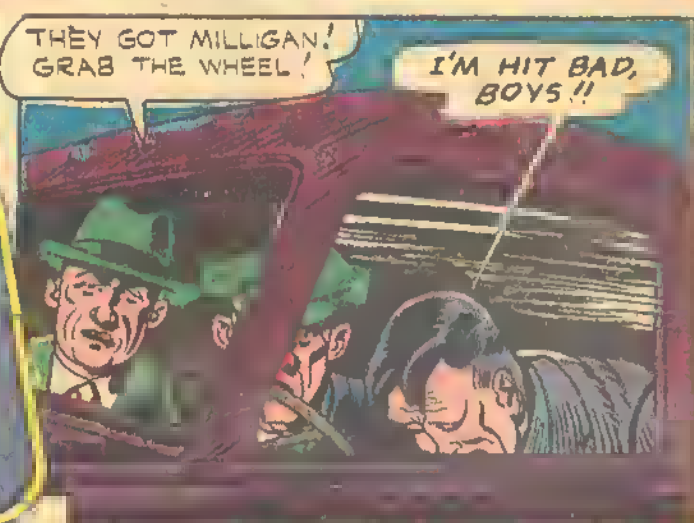


A POLICE-CAR! SOMEBODY MUSTA SEEN US!

KEEP DRIVIN'! I'LL SEND THE PRECINCT BOYS A FEW SLUGS!



THEY'RE CREEPIN' UP! STEP ON IT, MILLIGAN!



THEY GOT MILLIGAN! GRAB THE WHEEL!

I'M HIT BAD, BOYS!!



THE DRIVER'S HIT, CLANCY! THEY'RE GOING TO CRASH!



ONLY ONE BODY! THE OTHERS MUST'VE GOT AWAY! WE'LL SEND OUT A STATE ALARM!

I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK
I SAW A LITTLE SKINNY GUY
AT THE TRAFFIC LIGHT. I
WONDER IF HE COUL'D'VE
TIPPED OFF THE COPS!

MORNING...!

TIME TO GO TO
SCHOOL, KIDDEES!
AIN'T DAT A LAUGH?

STATE UNIVERSITY!
YA SPOSE WE
COULD HIDE OUT
HERE?

WHY NOT? WE
COULD MAKE
LIKE WE'RE
NEW STUDENTS
ENTERIN'!

YEAH,
BEFORE
THEY GET
HER WE'LL
BE ABLE
TO BLOW!

DIS IS A SOFT LAYOUT!
LUCKY I USED TO BE
A SECOND-
STORY MAN!

YEAH! NICE OF DEM
GUYS TO LEAVE THESE
PYJAMAS AND THOSE
COLLEGE DUDS IN

THE CLOSET! WE
FER DAT ZOOT
SUIT! LET'S
GO STOO-DINTS!

IF I EVER GIT ME HANDS ON
THE GUY THAT CAUSED
THE COPPERS TO DRILL
POOR MILLIGAN.....!!

GILLIGAN...

I'M READY TO
LOIN ABOUT
TRIGAMOM--
TINAGOM--
ER--READIN'!

MONTI...

I'M READY TO
LOIN ABOUT
PHYSOL--ER--
AH--PHYLSO--
ER--WRITIN'!

TRENT...

AN' I'M EAGER TO
LOIN ECOMON--
ENECOM--ER--AH--
'RITHMETIC!

AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, THE MOBSTERS PICK THE
BOTANY CLASS OF...

PROFESSOR PERCIVAL SMYTHE!!!

TODAY WE WILL
DISCUSS...

OH, ER...AH...NEW
STUDENTS! YES,
YES, OF COURSE!
BE SEATED AT
THE BACK OF
THE ROOM!

HI-YA PERFESSOR!
WE'RE DA NEW
STOO-DINTS!

PLEASED TO
MEETCHA!

WHERE D'WE
SET?

AS I WAS SAYING, WE
SHALL DISCUSS THE
GENUS NICOTIANA
TABACUM, OR TOBACCO
PLANT....

THE TOBACCO LEAF, AS
SOME OF YOU MIGHT KNOW,
IS DRIED AND SMOKED IN
VARIOUS FORMS...

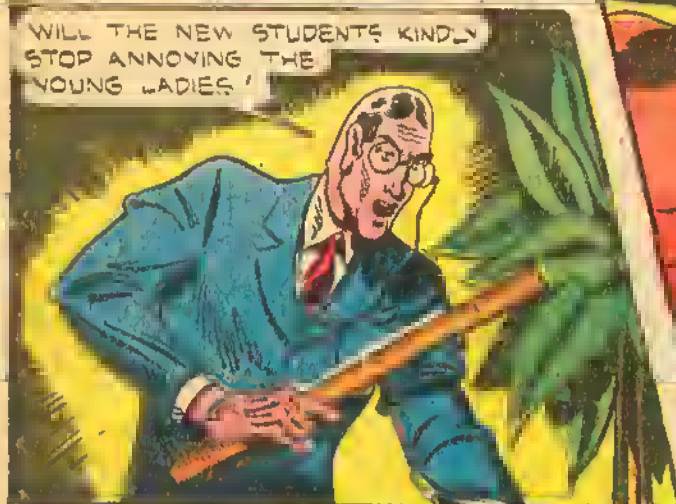
THOSE NEW STUDENTS!
WHERE HAVE I SEEN
THEM BEFORE??

TOBACCO, EH?
WE KNOW ALL
ABOUT IT!

IN FACT, WE HAD
A PAL WHO WAS
ALL WRAPPED
UP IN IT!

YEAH! YA
MIGHT SAY
HE SMOKED
HIMSELF TO
DEATH!

PLEASE
GENTLEMEN,
NO COMMENTS!



THAT AFTERNOON...

O-OH Y-YES! THE-ER
AH... TOBAC-UM...M...
YES-S PLANT ER...
TOBACCO IS A...
PL... HUH... ER...



'ARE YOUSE FEELIN'
A LITTLE ILL
PERHAPS?

T-T-THIS IS ER-UM-SMOKING
T-T-TOBACCO! THE LEAF
HAS B-BEEN G-G-GROUNG...
I MEAN G-G-GROUNCH-ER...



WHAT'S WRONG, PROF!
WHAT MAKES YOUSE SO
NOIVIS?



MAYBE IT'S SOME'N
YOUSE ET?



COULD IT BE YOUSE IS
A SNOW-BOID, PROF?
HEY-Y-Y, WAIT A
MINUTE, BOYS.

I RECOGNIZE DIS JASPER NOW! HE'S
THE SKINNY GUY THAT WAS AT THE
LIGHT WHEN WE SNATCHED THE
CIGARETTE TRUCK! NO WONDER -E'S
SHAKIN' LIKE A
RHUMBA DANCER!

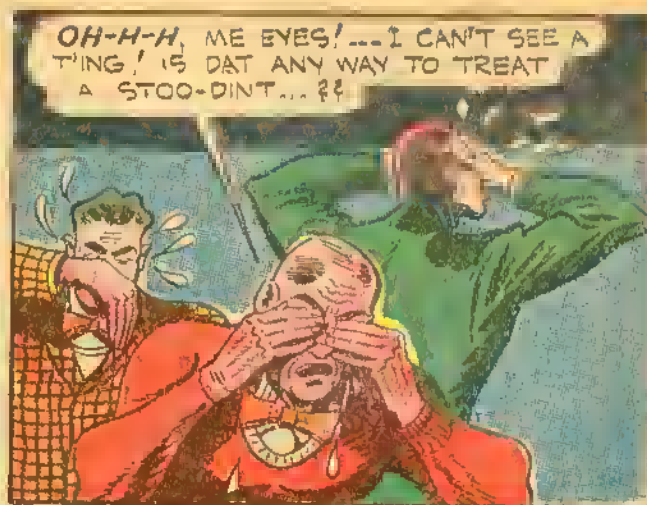


WE-LL-L-L FANCY SEEN'
YOUSE HERE... !!

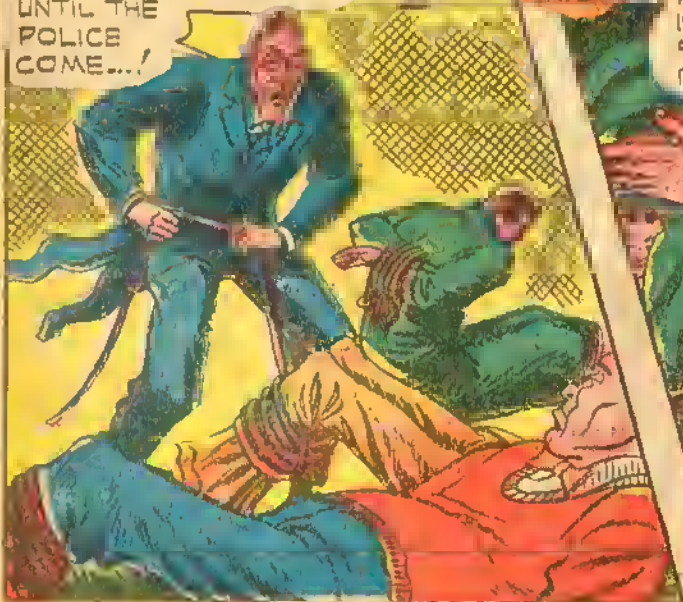


N-N-N-NOW, BOYS D-D-DON'T
B-B-BE RASTY... !!





THIS HEDERA HELIX OR IVY WILL HOLD YOU UNTIL THE POLICE COME...!



AND SO YOU SEE, STUDENTS, THAT ALTHOUGH TOBACCO IS AN EVIL WEED, IT SOMETIMES HAS ITS USES, TOO!!



The End

the murder and the miner



IT WAS NOT BY COINCIDENCE THAT DR. MUIR AND THE DOVE MOORED THEIR HOUSEBOAT AT THE LITTLE TOWN OF BROWNSVILLE ON EAGLE CREEK...! THE DOCTOR HAD COME UPON RECEIVING A NOTE FROM HIS OLD FRIEND, ED BARTON, THE CHIEF OF POLICE!

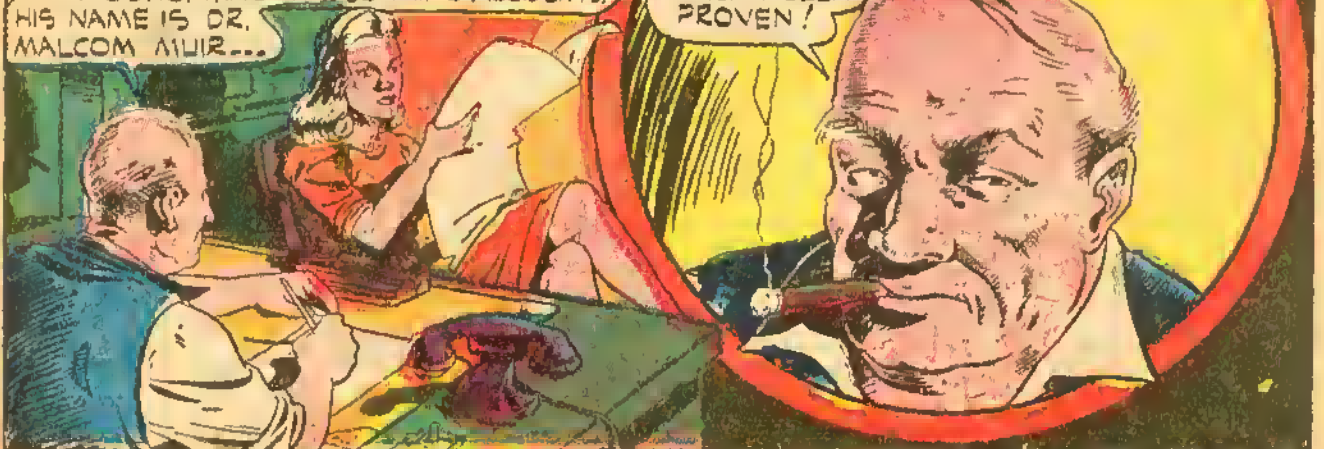
MAURICE WHITMAN

STORY BY JACK CROOKS

ON HIS OFFICE, CHIEF BARTON SPEAKS TO HIS DAUGHTER, SALLY....

SALLY, I'M SENDING FOR AN OLD COLLEGE CHUM OF MINE TO GIVE ME A HAND IN INVESTIGATING THESE MINE ACCIDENTS! HIS NAME IS DR. MALCOM MUIR....

IT SEEMS AS AN INVESTIGATOR, DR. MUIR AND HIS FRIEND, THE "DOVE" HAVE PHENOMENAL LUCK! IT'S EVEN BEEN RUMORED THAT THE DOCTOR IS THE FABULOUS GREY MASK!...BUT OF COURSE, IT HASN'T BEEN PROVEN!



I WONDER WHAT CHIEF
BARTON WANTS WITH-
US, DOVE? HE SOUNDED
VERY MYSTERIOUS!

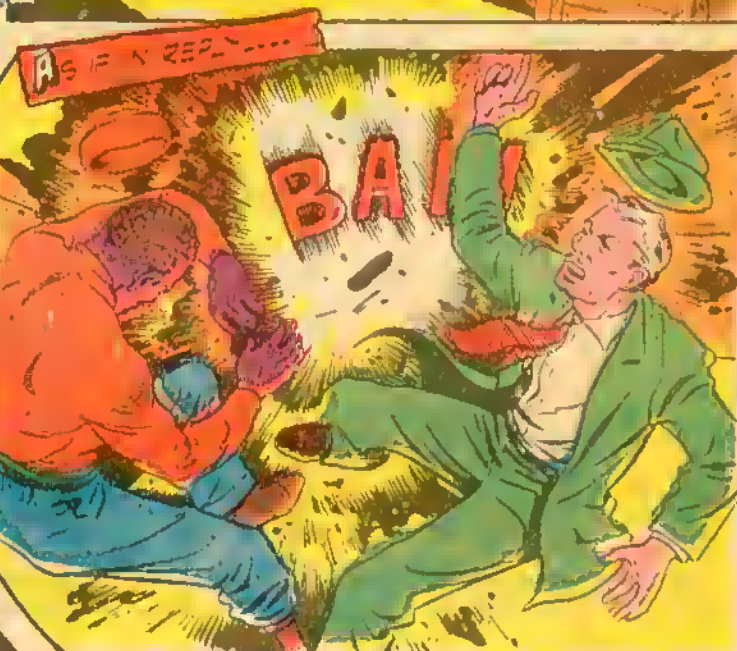
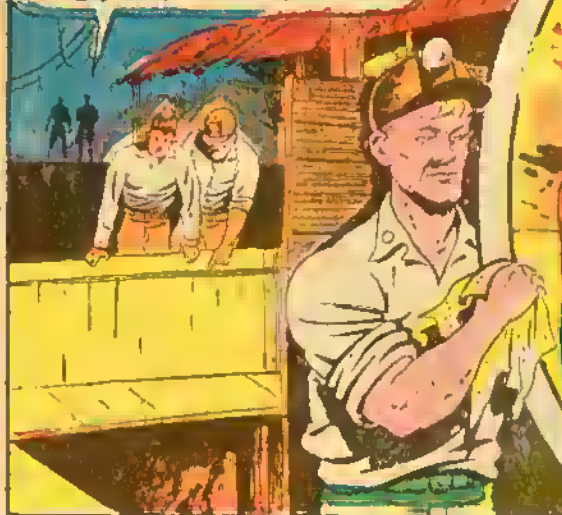


MAYBE IT'S
A JOB
FOR THE
GREY MASK!

HE GAVE A VAGUE HINT OF
MYSTERIOUS ACCIDENTS!
WELL, LET'S GO TO
SEE HIM!



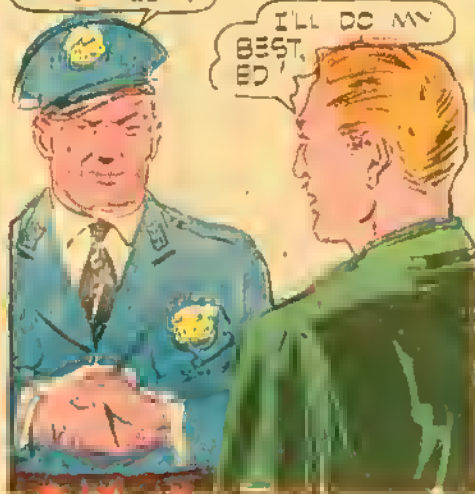
THIS IS NO TIME TO HAVE
ANY TROUBLE WITH COAL
MINES, DOVE! THE WAR...



SEND FOR AN AMBULANCE
DOVE! IT LOOKS LIKE WE
JUST GOT HERE IN TIME!



GLAD TO SEE YOU, MALCOLM!
I HOPE YOU CAN HELP US! THIS
MAKES THE THIRD EXPLOSION
THIS WEEK!



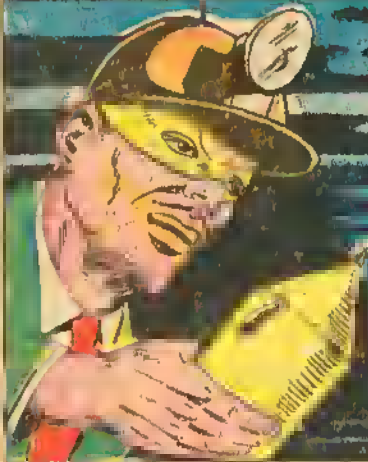
I'LL DO MY
BEST,
ED!

BY THE WAY, DOCTOR,
I WANT YOU TO MEET
A FEW FRIENDS OF
MINE...

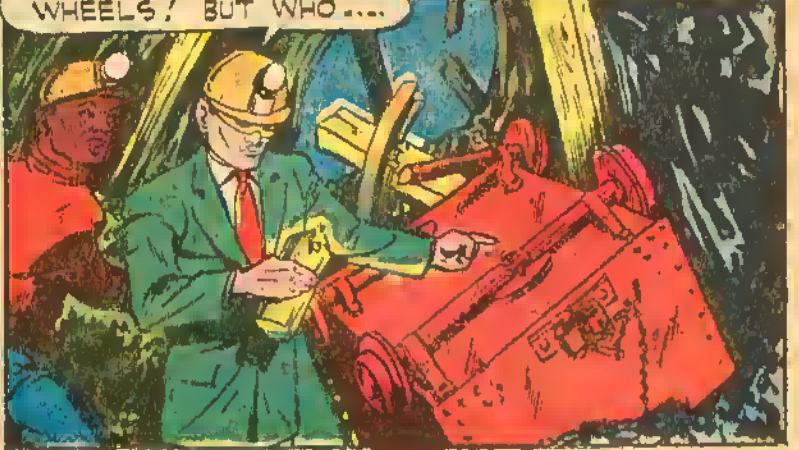




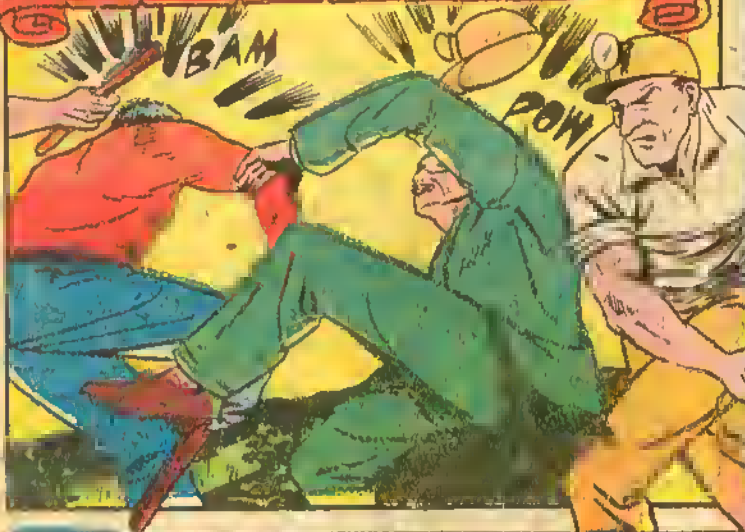
HERE'S THE ANSWER...!
HYDROGEN
SULFIDE... !!!



THAT'S HOW IT WAS DONE! SOMEBODY FASTENED
THESE CANNISTERS OF HYDROGEN SULFIDE TO THE
BOTTOM OF THE ORE-CART! AS THE CART BUMPED
ALONG THE TRACK, IT RELEASED THE GAS, WHICH
SOON BECAME IGNITED BY SPARKS FROM THE
WHEELS! BUT WHO....



BUT OUT OF THE DARKENED TUNNEL, FIGURES
APPEAR AND STEKE DOWN THE GREY MASK
AND COVE....



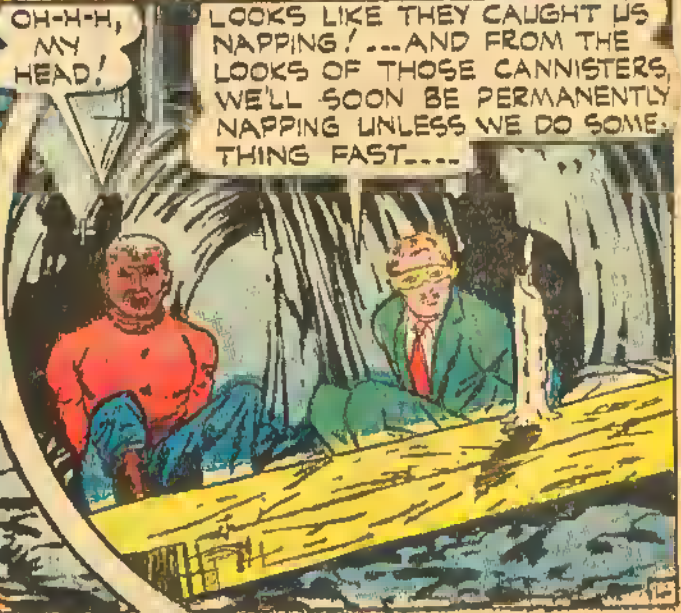
THE GOOD DOCTOR'S A LITTLE
TOO SMART! TIE THEM UP
TIGHT, BOYS!

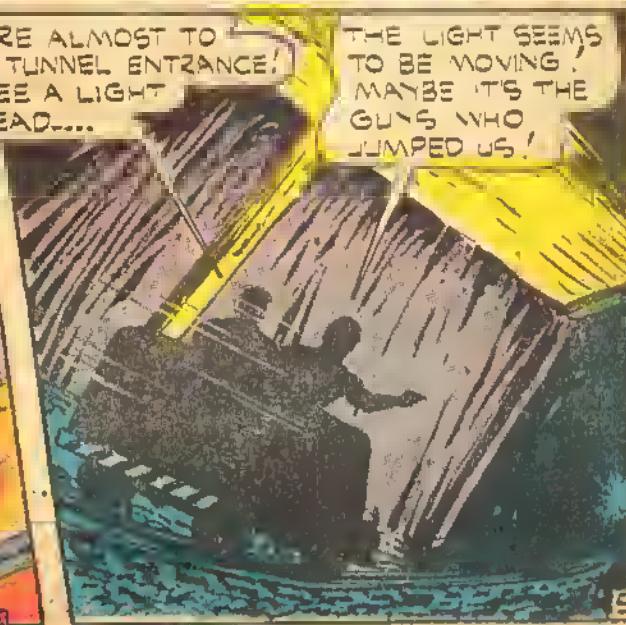
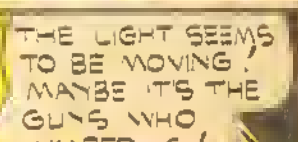
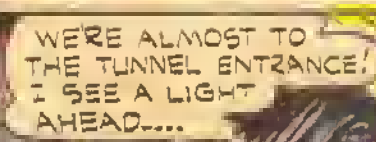
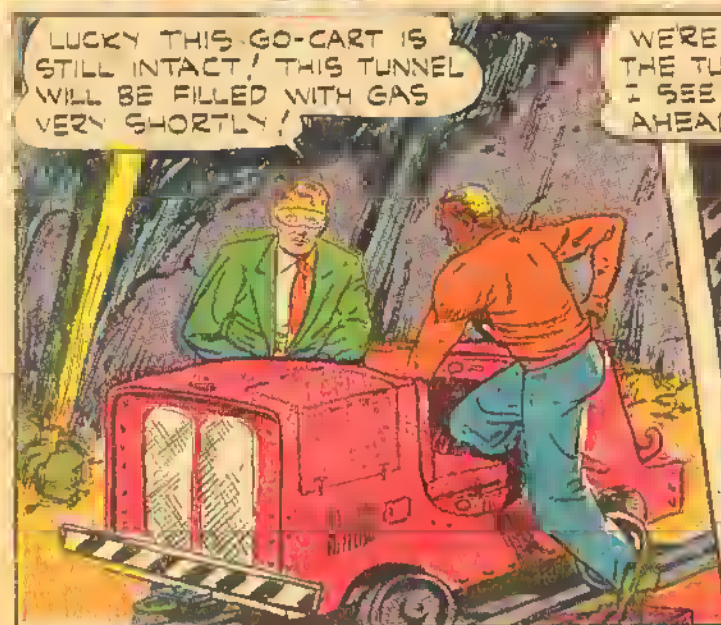
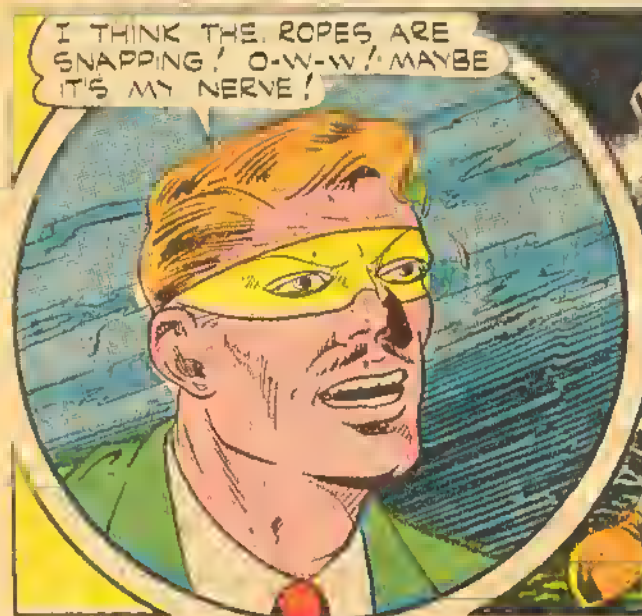
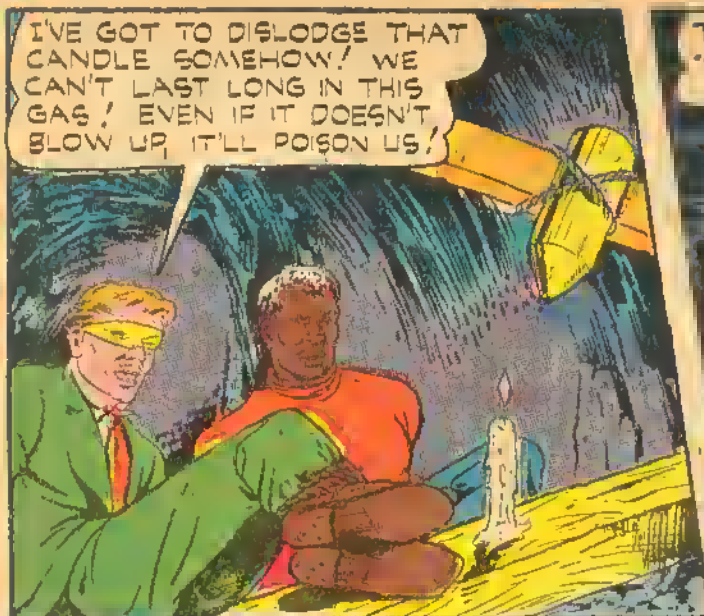


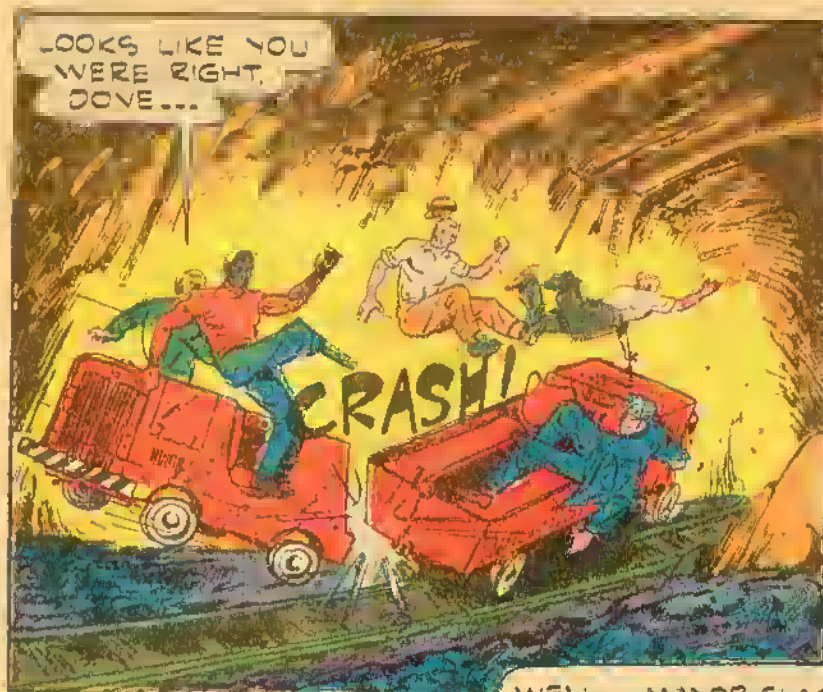
GOOD! NOW LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE BEFORE THE GAS
IGNITES....!

OH-H-H,
MY
HEAD!

LOOKS LIKE THEY CAUGHT US
NAPPING! ...AND FROM THE
LOOKS OF THOSE CANNISTERS,
WE'LL SOON BE PERMANENTLY
NAPPING UNLESS WE DO SOME
THING FAST....

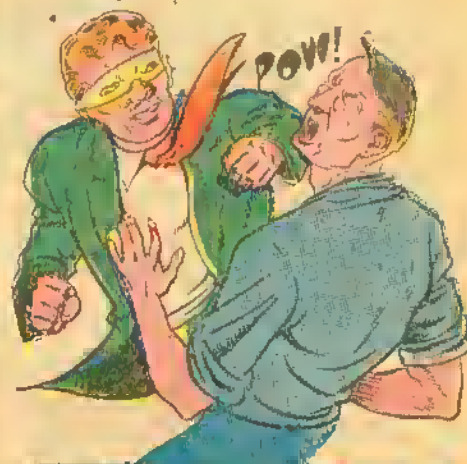






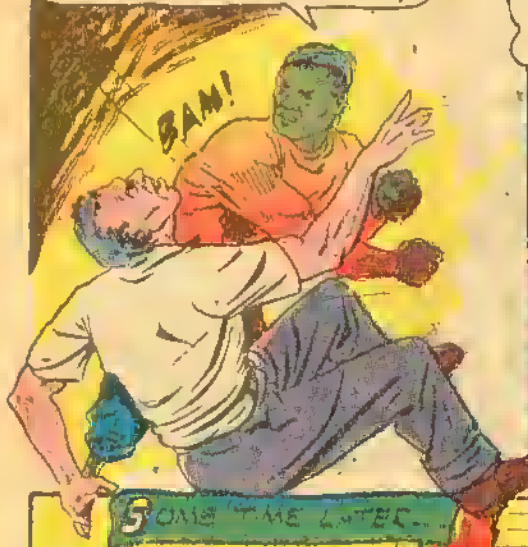
LOOKS LIKE YOU
WERE RIGHT,
DOVE...

NOW FOR SOME
ACTION...



WELL... MAYOR SLAGG!
SO YOU WERE BEHIND
ALL THIS TERRORIZING!
HERE'S SOMETHING FOR
YOU FROM ALL THE
HONEST MINERS!

TRYING TO MAKE GUINEA
PIGS OUT OF US, EH?



SOME TIME LATER...

THE DOVE AND I DID A LITTLE INVESTIGATING, CHIEF! WE FOUND OUT THAT MAYOR SLAGG WAS IN PARTNERSHIP WITH AN UNSCRUPULOUS UNION LEADER, WHO WAS TRYING TO TERRORIZE THE MINERS INTO JOINING THEIR UNION! BOTH OF THEM ARE NOW IN PRISON FOR A NICE LONG TERM!



LET'S HIT THE
HAY, DOVE! WE
BOTH COULD
USE A LITTLE
SLEEP...

YOU KNOW, DOC,
I'M GLAD OUR
LITTLE SCOW
BURNS OIL!!!



AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Do You Want
LONGER HAIR?

MAKE THIS EASY,
7-DAY TEST...

FULLY GUARANTEED



LONGER HAIR
Dresses Better
In Latest Styles

★ ★ ★ **THEN TRY THIS**
PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR
... Helps Prevent Brittle Ends From Breaking Off!

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely ... longer. The Juelene SYSTEM has helped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why Juelene is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. This wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. If your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week! You may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty.

Marvelous Help
FOR DRY, BRITTLE HAIR

Dry hair is not only hard to manage but a continual source of embarrassment. Why be ashamed of unlovely hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful, sparkling with new healthy looks, lovely luster. A woman's hair is one of the first things noticed by men—sleek, shining, glamorously long hair is always alluring. And men, too, attract admiring attention when their hair lies smooth, thick and neat. Try Juelene. See how much more beautiful your hair may be in such a short time, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. Actually make your hair your "crowning glory"! This introductory offer gives you an opportune chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may have sparkling longer hair! Be convinced!—Send for your Juelene NOW

Make This 7-Day Test

... SEND NO MONEY!

JUST MAIL THE CONVENIENT INTRODUCTORY COUPON! Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman \$1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order—we will pay the postage. Then test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft your hair may be in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY GET ACQUAINTED OFFER today—NOW—and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair.

TEST JUELENE
FOR 7 DAYS

Thrilling Results or
MONEY BACK IN FULL!

That's all we ask you to do. Just make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Your mirror will tell you the thrilling results and so will your friend! If you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen. If you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair we will refund every cent of your money. What could be fairer? This proves to you how excellent we think the results will be! So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of delightful results or your money back. Send for it now!

MAIL 7-DAY TRIAL COUPON NOW!

If you do want longer hair, mail the coupon today. Then test Juelene and notice the remarkable difference in the appearance of your hair—lustrous and well dressed. See how nicely it lies in place how easily it combs. With our positive guarantee you can't lose, and have everything in your favor to gain. So make this effort now. Send the Introductory Coupon immediately!

INTRODUCTORY COUPON...

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. B-453
1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.

Yes I want easy to manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results I will ask for my money back.

- ☐ I am enclosing \$1.00
☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Our Customers Participate In Gifts

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Road, Dept. B-453 Chicago 13, Ill.

A BULLET FOR THE BALLERINA

BY
Jack Crooks

It was a great event for First Nighters and they turned out in abundance. They were there in tails, in tuxedos, in business suits, in sport clothes, and the down-at-the-heel group of esthetes were there in whatever semblance of finery their purses could afford. Each in his respective tier. The Platinum Horseshoe bulged with stuffy dowagers spilling diamonds!

Outside, the marquee blazed with light, for it was not yet the hour of the "brownout." It proclaimed to the city that the great Ballarina Novikof was appearing in Igor Stravinsky's "FIREBIRD." The front of the Columbia was still jammed with late comers as the curtain rose. A cordon of police held back the throng of autograph-seekers. Pressed against the restraining ropes was even a group of teen-aged girls who had an inside tip that their idol, an emaciated crooner, was scheduled to attend. When he stepped from a cab they squealed with delight. He grinned somewhat shyly, and walked into the lobby. A few yards in back of the slight man walked another who evoked no recognition from the crowd. He was only one of the greatest conductors on earth. Sir Hubert Crompton of the Toronto Philharmonic.

Inside, in the lobby, an announcer with a CBS microphone called to each passing celebrity to say a few words. His unctuous voice was liquid with joyous enthusiasm. He flashed a wide grin at the back of a little pudgy man who had just left the mike. "Thank you very much, Mayor! I'm sure our audience is well aware you'd rather be at a fire—" His running voice glowed on: "And here comes 'The Voice'—Sir Hubert Crompton—Lady Hermione Tillingham—VanNess VanNort—Count Toyalski—Baron Klieg—Norton Vanderhilt . . ." His voice floated on!

The darkened theatre was alive with the pleading shushes of the ushers as these last were being seated. Oddly enough, most of the last were seated in the front row.

The brilliant stage silhouetted the towering masterful figure of Serge Kupyansk on the podium. He raised his arms and a hush fell. Even the squirming ceased as his arms descended.

A low powerful moan of weird quality arose from the shimmering strings of the violins, violas, and string basses. The flesh of the audience crept on-masse as eerie tones were given expression. The woodwinds whispered their counterpoint, flute trills followed oboe and hasoon fugue, and the watchers sighed shiveringly at the wistful, poignant tones. The flute trilled again and the assemblage gasped.

She flowed onto the stage then! Novikof as the "FIREBIRD!" Her litesome movements were like the undulations of a cloudy pool in a swamp. Her lithe beauty like the silken fascination of a panther. Never had the audience witnessed such choreography! Murmurs of fascination escaped through clenched teeth as the libretto unfolded.

In the front row, five pairs of eyes stared at the dancer in glistening fascination. Stiffened lips and taut throats betrayed more than passing emotion.

Minutes passed and the music grew in intensity. The orchestra in the pit played as if possessed. It rose as does a siren to a screaming unholy crescendo, as on to the stage swept the evil King Kastchei. The Firebird recoiled in horror as the tympani rumbled like the thunders of hell. She screamed with horror and clutched her breast. Her long serpentine legs folded and she slumped to the floor. The audience was hushed in expectancy.

For a full minute not a soul in the theatre moved, save the musicians and suddenly a muttering arose. Those familiar with the Score stared at each other in bewilderment. Why did she not go on??

Abruptly, a tall, rangy figure in tail-clothes sprang from an aisle seat and hurriedly approached the stage. The audience whispered excitedly and the rest of the cast stared hypnotically at the prone figure of the famed ballerina. The tall man threaded his way through the orchestra pit and leaped onto the stage, hoodless of stares. He bent over the girl. Without speaking, he straightened and walked into the wings. A moment later the curtain descended. The audience talked excitedly until the curtain parted and the impresario appeared.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced tremulously, "I am sorry to say the performance cannot go on. Novikof has had an accident! The box-office will refund your admissions—"

The dismayed audience filed out in disbelief. Novikof? Accident? What could he wrong?

Behind the drawn curtain stood the tall man talking to H. Surok, the impresario, who was wringing his hands in consternation.

"My name is Doctor Benedict, Mr. Surok! When Novikof failed to arise I suspected something was wrong and came up to offer my services, but I was too late. She had been shot through the heart."

"But how?" wailed the distraught Surok. "In the middle of a performance. Impossible!"

"If you doubt me, look for yourself," answered Dr. Benedict quietly.

Girls Can't Resist this KISS ME NECKTIE as it GLOWS in the DARK!

By Day a Lovely Swank Tie . . . By Night
a Call to Love in Glowing Words!



A SMART
TIE BY DAY



A MAGIC
TIE AT
NIGHT



IT'S NOVEL,
DIFFERENT
BARRELS OF
FUN!



Men, boys! Now amaze your friends!
Surprise and thrill every girl you meet! Be

different and the life of the party in
any crowd! Here's the most amazing
spectacular necktie that you ever wore,
a smart wrinkle-proof, tailored cravat,
which at night is a thrilling sensation!
It's smart, superb class by day, and just
imagine in the dark it seems like a neck-
tie of compelling allure, sheer magic!

Like a miracle of light there comes a pulsing, glowing question—
WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK, BABY? Think of the sur-
prise, the awe you will cause! There's no trick, no hidden bat-
teries, no switches or foolish horseplay, but a thing of loveliness
as the question emerges gradually to life, touched by the wand of
darkness, and your girl will gasp with wonder as it takes form
so amazingly. It's new . . . utterly different . . . a Hollywood riot wherever
you go. And here's wonderful news! You can see, examine this glorious
tie yourself without risk . . . just mail the coupon!



SEND NO MONEY

Examine . . . Let It Thrill You . . . ON THIS FREE TRIAL OFFER.
Don't confuse this magnificent necktie with any ordinary novelty tie
for it's high class, distinctive, ties up perfectly, and you'll wear it with
pride. Its color combination is specially created and so original that
you actually can wear it tastefully with any suit. It's wrinkle-proof,
beautifully fashioned. You might expect to pay \$2.00 or even \$3.00
for this cravat just for daytime wear. But now, if you act quick, under
this special INTRODUCTORY OFFER, you will have this mar-
velous, breathtaking GLOW IN THE DARK sensation for only
\$1.49! That's all, just \$1.49, a bargain in quality, and a million
dollars worth of fun at any party, or in any crowd, and an aid to
love! Send no money, here's all you do. Mail coupon with your
name and address. On arrival of your GLOWING KISS ME
NECKTIE, you simply pay postman \$1.49, plus postage. (If
money comes with order, we pay postage.) Then examine. See
how it excites and thrills. And, if you are not delighted, if you
are not eager to wear it, just return it for your money back
promptly. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then act at once.
Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO.
215 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 244-K Chicago 1, Ill.

Rush me my KISS ME NECKTIE that glows in the dark. I
will pay postman \$1.49 plus postage with your positive assur-
ance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for \$4.22,
check here ☐

Name

Address

City Zone State

The tall, rangy man pointed to the prostrate figure of the beautiful girl. A small trickle of blood flowed from her breast and stained the stage. Surok stared at the dark stream in horror.

The rest of the cast stood buddled in the wings, as Benedict continued: "No doubt the police will be here in a few minutes, so we might as well do all we can to help them. While you were advising the audience to leave, I took the liberty of telling your ushers to detain the four men I saw sitting in the front row. Perhaps they may be able to give us a clue."

Surok mumbled, "But they are all prominent men and women—surely none of them—"

"Oh, we're not accusing anybody, yet!" Dr. Benedict smiled and flicked an imaginary bit of dust from his impeccable attire. "We just want to talk to them. Oh here they come now!"

A quartet of impressive-looking men and a glowering woman, with a glittering star made their way to Surok, expressing variegated condolences and anger. Benedict confronted the newcomers.

"I am Dr. Benedict." The tall man was curt. "I also hold a private detective's license and have volunteered to do a little investigating until the police arrive. I would be grateful if you told me anything you know of this!" He went on: "Novikov was shot and the angle of the bullet indicates it was fired from the front row. Would you be so kind as to tell me who you are?" He nodded at the woman. "My apologies for detaining YOU, madam!"

"I am Lady Hermione Tillingham VanNess VanNort. This is outrageous!" she sputtered indignantly.

He questioned the others, Count Toyalski, Baron Klieg, Schuyler Trent, and finally confronted a handsome white-haired man. Benedict smiled: "No need to tell me who you are,

"Sir Hubert, I recognize you."

"So? How is that? I have never conducted in this country." The great conductor lifted his eyes in surprise.

"I attended a performance of yours in Madrid some years ago," smiled Benedict. "In fact it was this very ballet. And Novikov was in the cast. In fact, rumor had it that you and she were engaged!"

"You can prove nothing," gritted the musician.

Several detectives arrived at the moment and approached Benedict. One recognized him and said respectfully, "Hello, Doc."

"Hello, O'Rourke," said Benedict. "Just keep these people here a moment, will you? I want to look for something." He went through the slit in the curtain and was heard rummaging in the orchestra pit. In a moment he was back.

"Well, I found it, Sir Hubert!" He held out a small automatic. The conductor said nothing, but walked to a chair and sat down and put his head in his hands.

"Benedict looked at him for a moment and turned to the detectives. "Here's how it happened," he began. "Sir Hubert Crompton was filled by Novikov some years ago, and he planned to get even. Having conducted the Score of this ballet, and being familiar with Novikov's dancing, it was simple. He waited until the Fourth Act, when the audience's attention was distracted by the entrance of the villain, and the kettle drums were at their loudest. He drew his gun and shot the dancer when she paused momentarily at the end of a pirouette. Then he reached over, dropped the weapon into the bell, or horn, of the tuba, which was easy, because that instrument was not playing at the time! Lucky thing I saw him that time in Madrid. You can take on from there, O'Rourke!"

He smiled at the assemblage and disappeared into the wings.

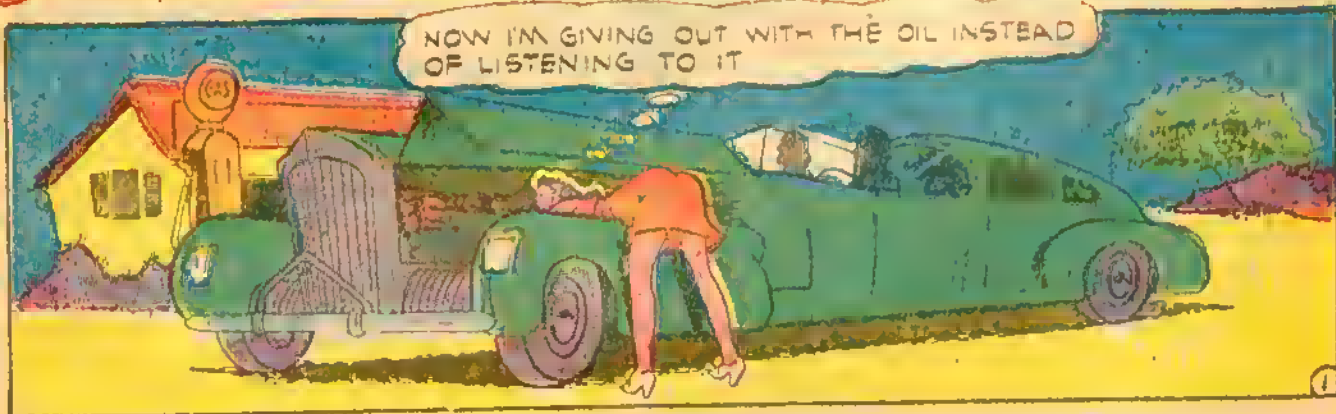


Sherry Flippe



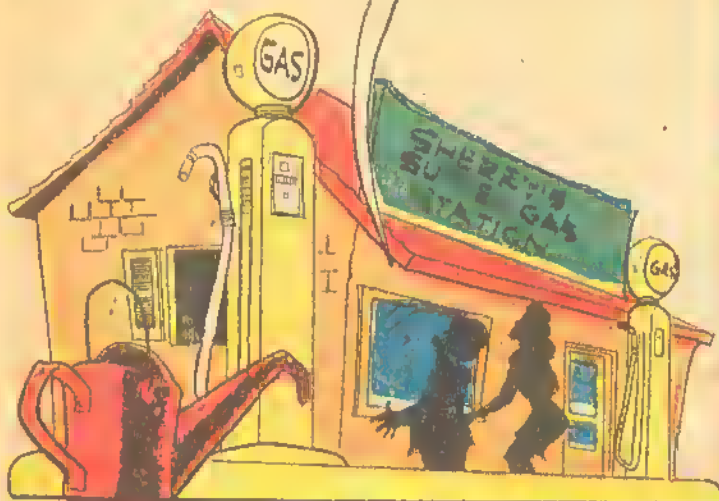
THE WIDE-AWAKE DETECTIVE AGENCY CRACKED THE CASE OF HOLLYWOOD BLACK-MARKETEERS RECENTLY! THE LOCAL RATION BOARD COULD NOT FIND THE SOURCE OF THE COUNTERFEIT STAMPS; AND SO, SHERRY AND MR. GRISSETT WERE RETAINED! THE CRIMINALS MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY TOO IF THE FAT OLD GAVE HAD MADE THAT CRACK ABOUT SHERRY!

NOW I'M GIVING OUT WITH THE OIL INSTEAD OF LISTENING TO IT

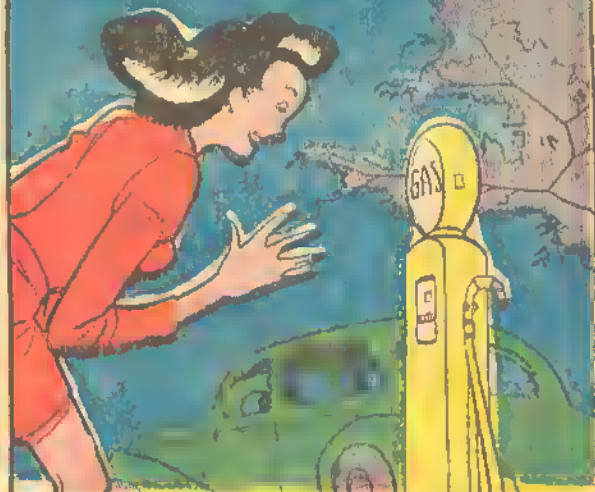




WHEN HE SAID SIMPLE, I WONDER
IF HE MEANT US OR THE PLAN!



OUR FIRST CUSTOMER!



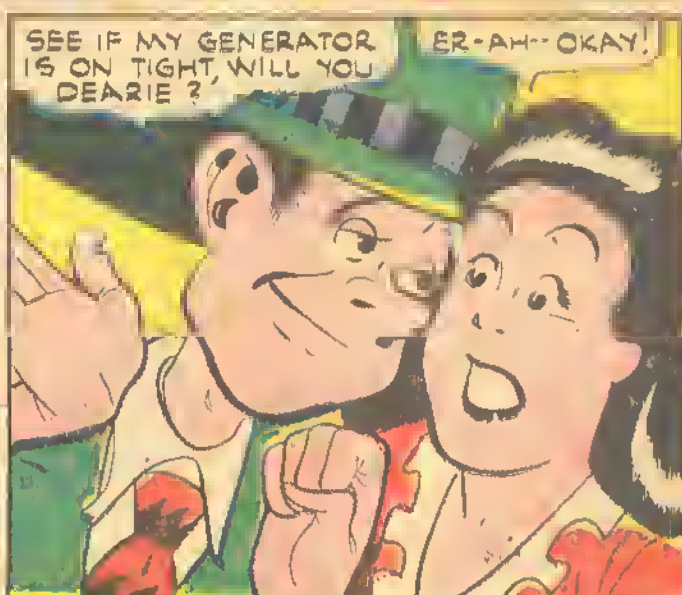
FOUR GALLONS,
CUTIE, AND BE SURE
TO WRING OUT
THE HOSE!
HAW!

YES, SIR!
HAW!

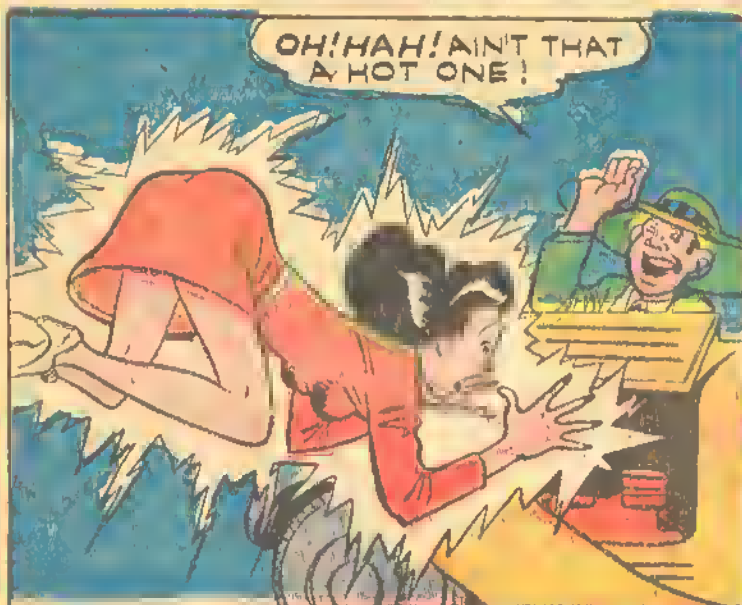


SEE IF MY GENERATOR
IS ON TIGHT, WILL YOU
DEARIE?

ER-AH--OKAY!

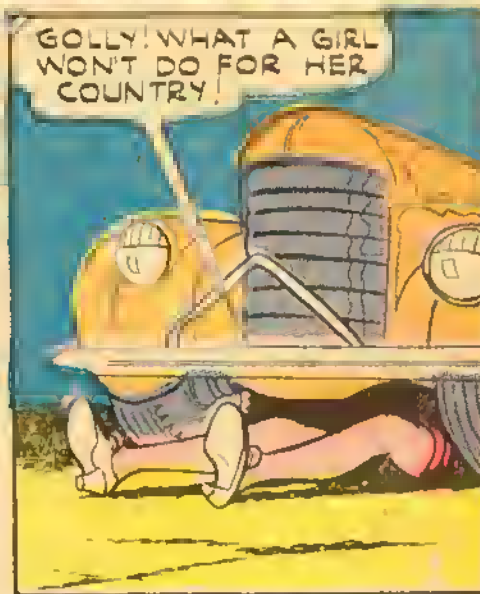


OH! HAH! AIN'T THAT
A HOT ONE!



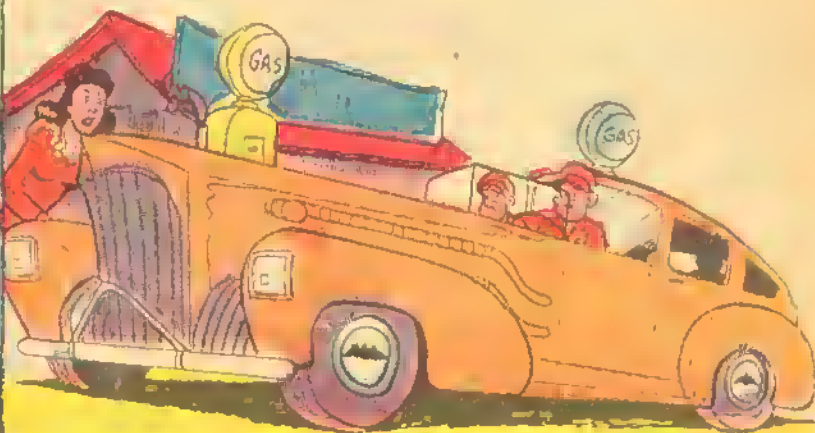
@X#!!?#! NO SENSE
OF HUMOR!





RIGHT, MR. WRYTHE! I'LL KEEP MY EYE PEELED! OH, HERE'S ANOTHER CUSTOMER! WHEW, WHAT A WAGON!

WOW! THAT BUGGY BURNS UP AN "A" CARD BACKING OUT OF THE GARAGE!



OH ARE YOU THE NEW ATTENDANT, MISS? I AM MRS. DOUBLE-DAY-DOUBLE-DAY!

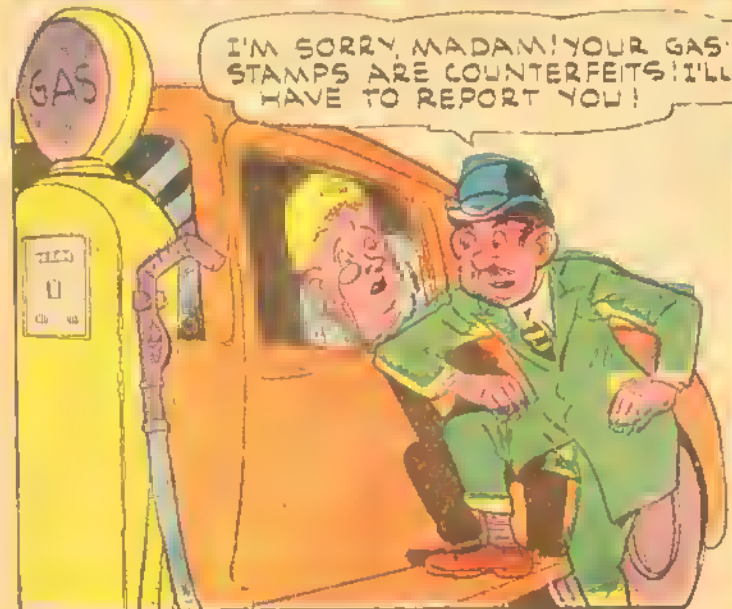
THAT MAKES FOUR DAYS! GOSH, THE WEEK'S HALF GONE ALREADY!

KINDLY REFRAIN FROM YOUR HORRID JOKES, YOUNG LADY! REFILL MY PETROL CONTAINER!

WHEW! SHE'S DRENCHED IN PERFUME! WHERE DID I SMELL THAT STUFF BEFORE?

LOOK, BOSS, COUNTERFEITS IT'S A GOOD THING YOU GOT BACK! I GOT SOME BAD ONES BEFORE, TOO, AND THEY ALL REEK OF THE SAME PERFUME, 'TOUJOURS-LA-SLUSH'. I'LL BET THIS DAME IS THE ONE WHO SELLS IT!

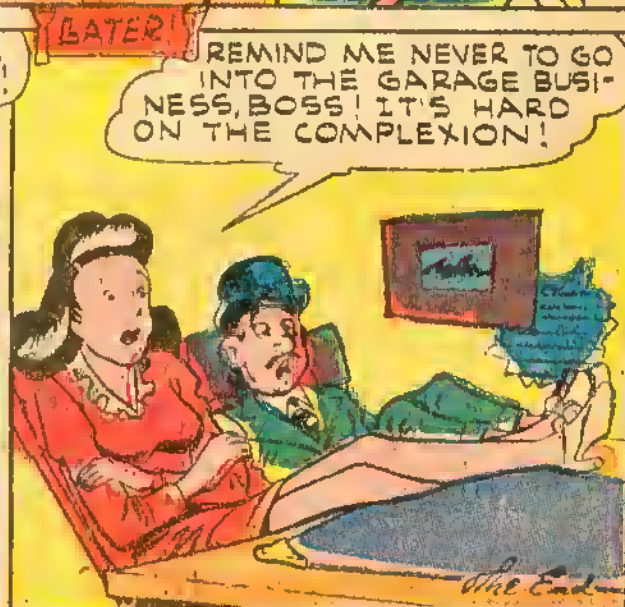
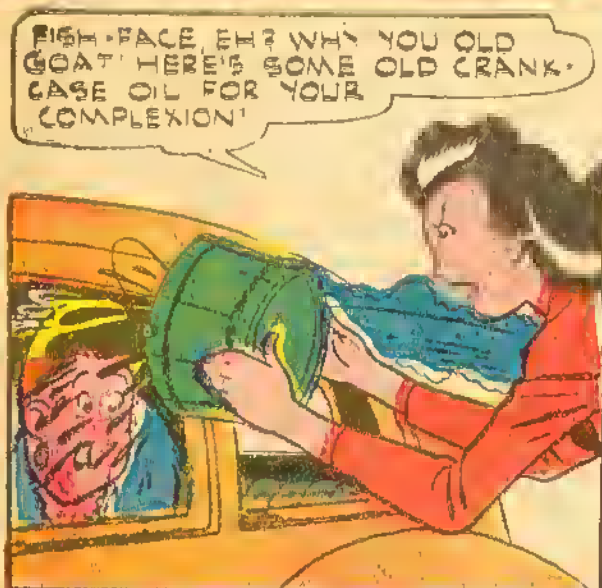
WELL - LET'S DETAIN THEM!



I'M SORRY, MADAM! YOUR GAS STAMPS ARE COUNTERFEITS! I'LL HAVE TO REPORT YOU!

WELL! I NEVER! DEAH, DEAH! BOYS, TURN THE HEAT ON THIS LUG!



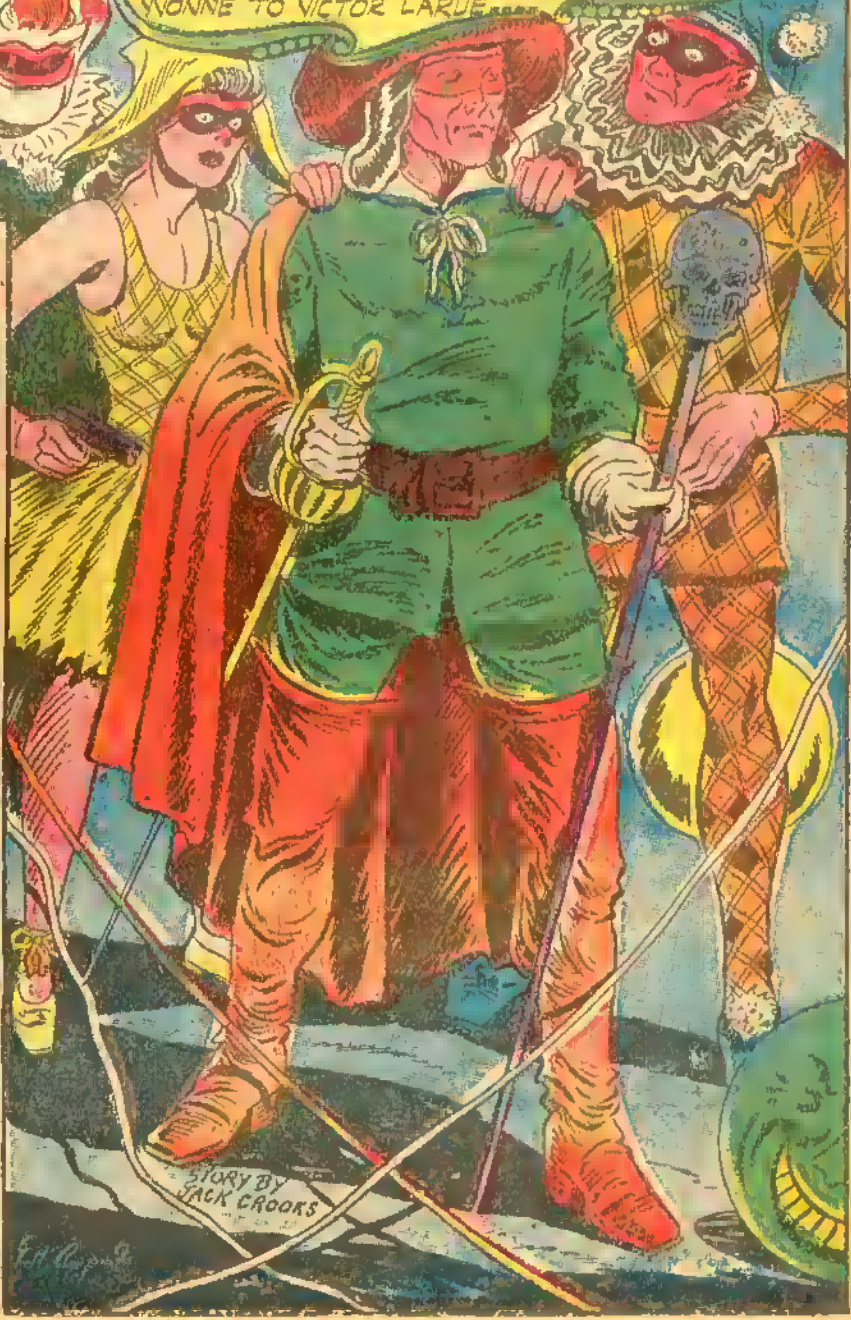


SATAN

FURNISHES A BRIDE for HARLEQUIN

NOBODY SAW HIM COME...AND NOBODY SAW HIM GO! THEY DID SEE HIM THERE, THOUGH!...ONE PARTICULAR MAN...TO HIS EVERLASTING REGRET, IT WAS MARDI-GRAS TIME IN NEW ORLEANS! AT THE PALATIAL HOME OF ANDRE SOUCHET, A GRAND BALL IS IN PROGRESS, AT WHICH WAS TO BE ANNOUNCED THE ENGAGEMENT OF HIS DAUGHTER YVONNE TO VICTOR LARUE...

NO ONE COULD ACCOUNT FOR THE SUDDEN FASCINATION SHE EXHIBITED FOR THE EVIL RENE TUSKAN, EITHER.....



STORY BY JACK CROOKS

THE REPUTATION AS AN UNBROKEN-
DOWN ADVENTURER PRECEDED
RENE TUSKAN. IT WAS A MYSTERY
HOW HE EVER MET YVONNE, YET
THERE SHE WAS DANCING WITH
HIM, IGNORING HER FIANCÉ UNTIL
THE OTHERS THOUGHT SHE MUST
BE HYPOCRITIZED...



REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD
YOU, YVONNE! YOU MUST
OBEY ME! I AM YOUR
COMPLETE MASTER!



YOU ARE MY
MASTER! I
WILL OBEY...

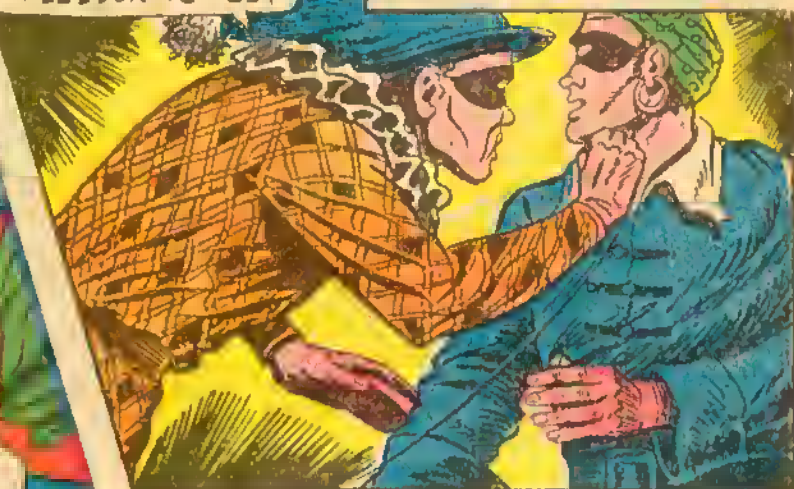
YVONNE,
I WISH
TO TALK
TO YOU!

PLEASE DO NOT
ANNOY ME, VICTOR!
I DON'T WISH TO
SEE YOU ANYMORE!



WHY DON'T YOU BEAT IT?
DON'T COME WHERE YOU'RE
NOT WANTED! LET THIS BE
A LESSON TO YOU!

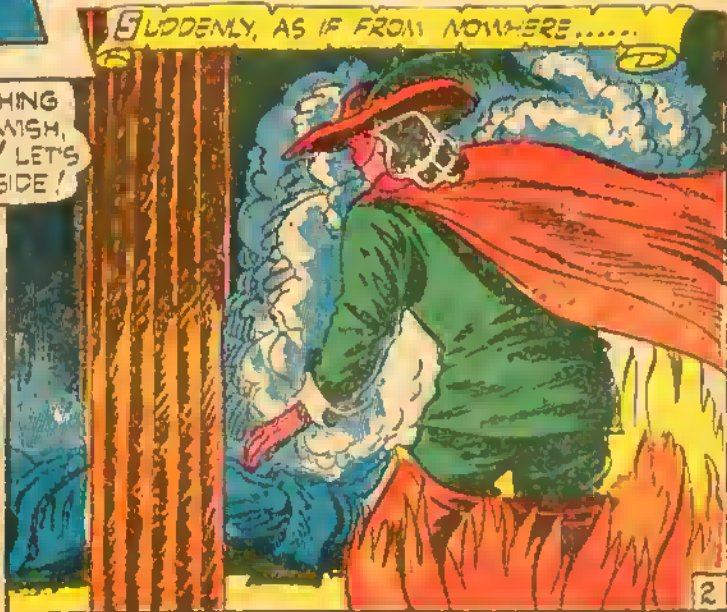
YVONNE! YOU DON'T MEAN IT,
YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF! IT MUST
BE THE INFLUENCE OF THIS RAT!



SUDDENLY, AS IF FROM NOWHERE.....

I HAVE A BRILLIANT IDEA!
INSTEAD OF ANNOUNCING YOUR
ENGAGEMENT TO VICTOR, I
SUGGEST YOU MARRY ME AT
THE UNMASKING!

ANYTHING
YOU WISH,
RENE! LET'S
GO INSIDE!



WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, MY FRIEND?



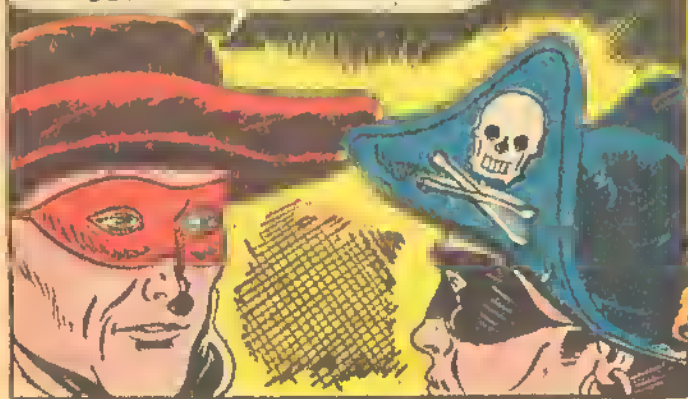
THAT RENE IS STEALING MY FIANCEE! ...AND HE'S UP TO SOMETHING ELSE! HE'S A FIEND...A MURDERER! BUT WHY AM I TELLING YOU? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



I'M ALMOST OUT OF MY MIND WITH WORRY! I'M GOING TO TALK TO YVONNE AGAIN!



YOU CAN CALL ME SATAN! THAT'S ONLY ONE OF MY NAMES! I KNOW TUSKAN VERY WELL! AS A MATTER OF FACT, I HAVE COME TO SETTLE A DEBT WITH HIM!



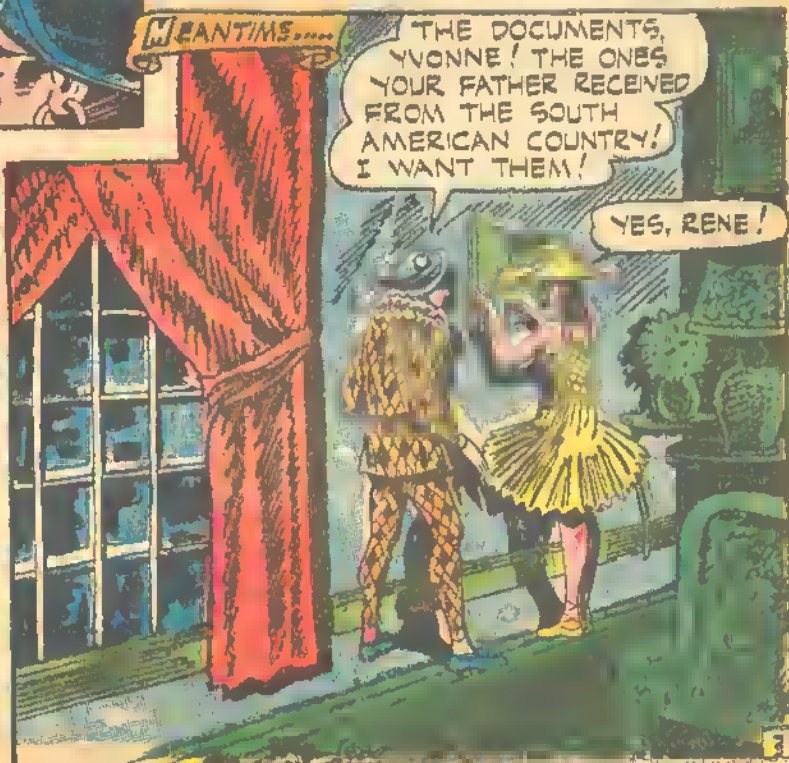
I'LL KILL HIM IF I HAVE TO! I'LL ... WHERE DID HE GO??



MEANTIME

THE DOCUMENTS, YVONNE! THE ONES YOUR FATHER RECEIVED FROM THE SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRY! I WANT THEM!

YES, RENE!







BUT BELOW, IN THE GRAND BALL-ROOM...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I...RENE TUSKAN, ANNOUNCE THAT YVONNE HAS CONSENTED TO BECOME MY BRIDE! WE WILL BE MARRIED IMMEDIATELY BY HIS HONOR, THE MAYOR! AFTER THE CEREMONY WE WILL ALL UNMASK!





Boomerang of Horror

PEAK DUGAN PLANNED THE SWEETEST LITTLE FRAME-UP IN THE WORLD...OR SO HE THOUGHT! NOTHING GIVES A MAN WHO FEELS SINNED AGAINST GREATER SATISFACTION THAN A DIABOLICAL REVENGE! "PEAK" DESIRED THE CRUELEST OF FATES FOR HIS FORMER CRONY, LEE MORON, ONLY TO FIND THAT NOBODY WHO LIVES IN EVERYBODY, HAD TOSSED HIM A BOOMERANG OF HORROR!



THE TROUBLE BEGAN ONE NIGHT, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN!

COME ON! THE COPS'LL BE ON TOP OF US ANY SECOND!

FIRST, I'LL LEAVE SOMETHING TA REMEMBER 'PEAK' BY! HOT LEAD!



YOU GAVE US TOO MUCH TROUBLE, WISE GUY! TAKE IT!

OOOHHH! MY ARM!





YOU'RE KIDDING, JOE!
YOU'RE NOT HAND-
ING ME THIS CHICKEN
FEED!

I'M NOT? AND WHAT
MAKES YOU THINK
YOU'RE GETTING
CHICKEN FEED? I'M
THE BRAINS SEE?



SO YOU'RE THE
BRAINS EH? WELL
SEE, HOT SHOT,
WE'LL SEE!
NOBODY
PULLS A
FAST ONE
ON PEAK
DUGAN!

YOU DON'T BOTH-
ER ME, PEAK!
WHY DON'T YOU
BEAT IT LIKE A
GOOD BOY.....
I'M EXPECTING
COMPANY!



I BEEN THINKIN
JOE! YOU'RE
RIGHT! GUESS
I'M GETTING
GREEDY! NO
HARD FEELINGS
JOE HUH?

THAT'S
THE KID!
NOW YOU'RE
USING
THE OLD
HEAD!
BE SEE-
ING YOU
TOMORROW!



TOO BAD,
JOE, THAT
YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
PEAK IS
THINKING!



THE NEXT NIGHT WHEN
JOE LEAST EXPECTS IT!



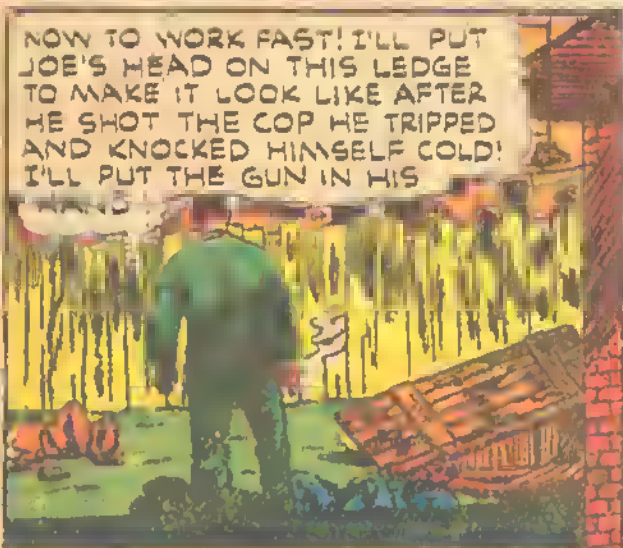
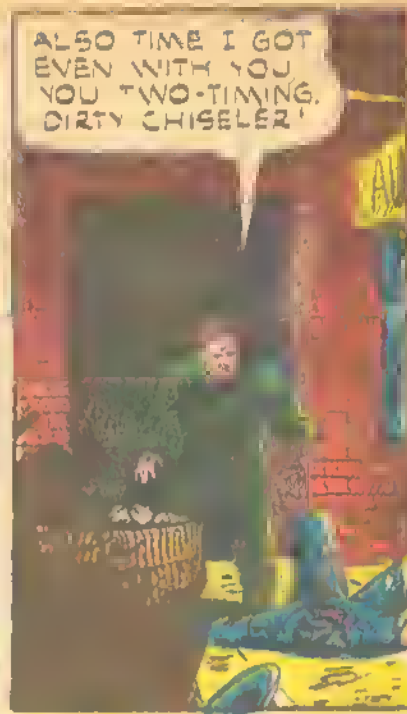
HEY, JOE!
SOMEONE
WANTS TO
TALK TO
YOU!

ME? OKAY!
DON'T GO
AWAY,
BABY! BE
RIGHT WITH
YOU!



THIS JOE? WELL,
THIS IS A FRIEND!
SEEMS LIKE A CERTAIN
ACQUAINTANCE OF YOURS
GOT HIMSELF A LOAD OF
HOT ROCKS AND HE'S
WILLING TO TURN THE
STUFF OVER TO YOU! YOU
NAME YOUR OWN PROFIT!

YOU SURE KNOW ANY
HABITS FELLOW?
WHERE ARE YOU?



YES THE POLICE FOUND THE DEAD COP AND THE UNCONSCIOUS JOE LYING IN THE ALLEYWAY! JOE WAS TRIED AND SENTENCED TO DIE IN THE DEATH HOUSE!



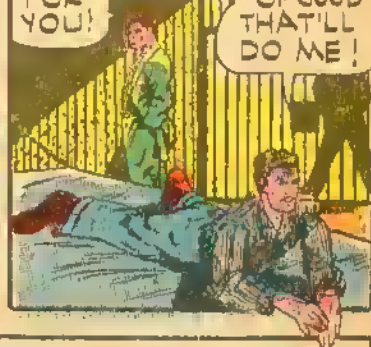
BUT I'M INNOCENT! I SWEAR
I'M INNOCENT! YOU'RE
GONNA MAKE ME FRY FOR
WHAT ANOTHER
GUY OONE...
THIS WAY,
COP-KILLER!



A MONTH LATER!

WON'T THEY BELIEVE THAT STORY OF SOMEONE CALLING YOU UP? DON'T WORRY--IF I EVER COME ACROSS THAT DIRTY RAT, I'LL KILL HIM FOR YOU!

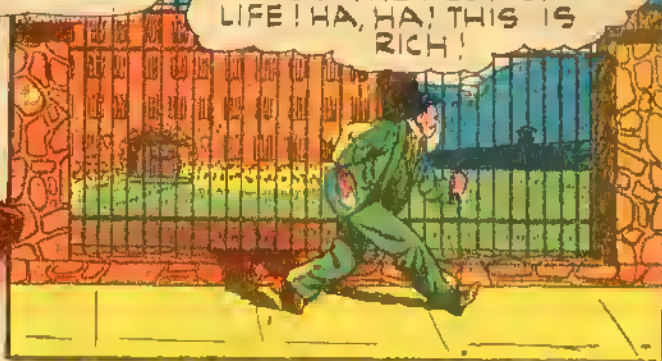
A LOT OF GOOD THAT'LL DO ME!



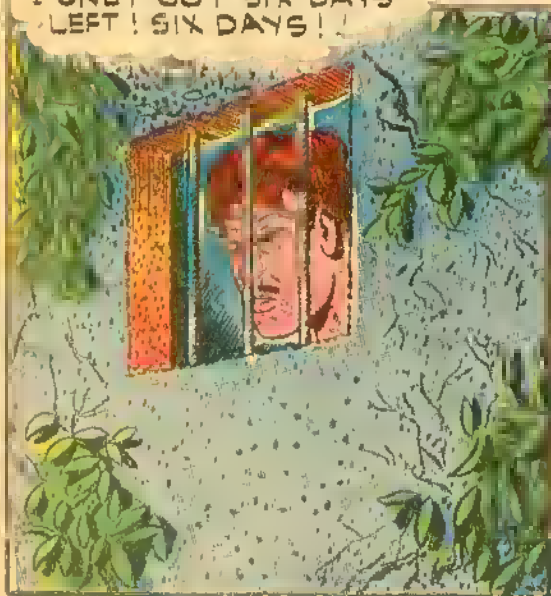
WHEN IS THIS THING COMING OFF, JOE! WHEN ARE THEY FRYING YOU?

NEXT MONDAY! 11 O'CLOCK! WHAT AM I GONNA DO, PEAK? I'M HALF-BATTY ALREADY!

AND THEN I TELL HIM I'LL TRACK DOWN THE GUY THAT FRAMED HIM, IF IT TAKES THE REST OF MY LIFE! HA, HA! THIS IS RICH!

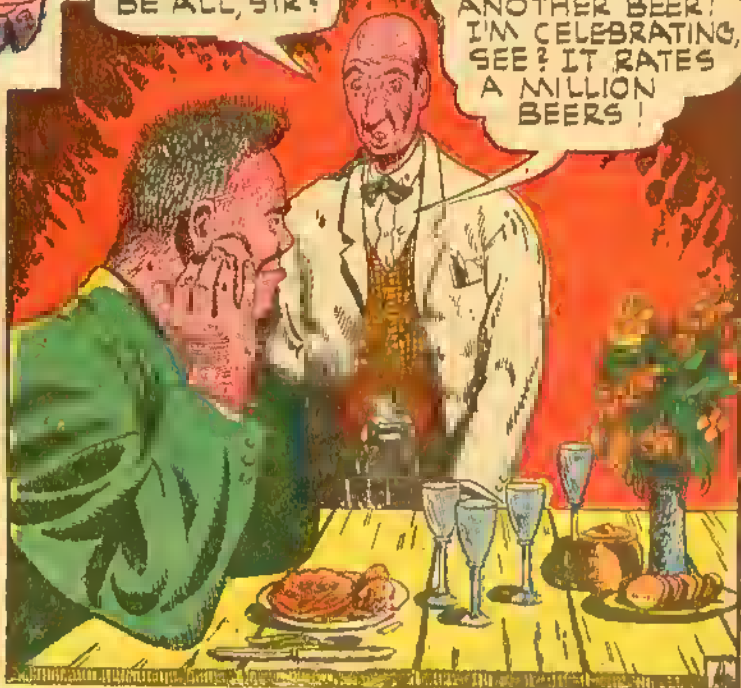


WHO DONE THIS TO ME? WHO HATES ME SO MUCH? I ONLY GOT SIX DAYS LEFT! SIX DAYS!



WILL THAT BE ALL, SIR?

NOPE! BRING ME ANOTHER BEER! I'M CELEBRATING, SEE? IT RATES A MILLION BEERS!



AT LAST CAME MONDAY EVENING, THE NIGHT OF A MILLION BEERS FOR PEAK AND A MILLION TEARS FOR JOE!



HAVE YOU ANY-THING TO REQUEST, MY SON?

CUT THE BALONEY, JOE!

I WANT A DOCTOR! MY SIDE HURTS ME!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE A COWARD NOW, ARE YOU, JOE?

SO LITTLE JOEY WANTS TO PLAY ROUGH, OKAY?

LET ME GO! OW W W! MY SIDE HURTS! IT'S KILLING ME!



NO...AIIIEEE! N-NO...I'LL... BR...AIEEE!

JUST HOLD H-HIS RIGHT ARM, GEORGE! I'VE GOT HIS L-LEFT!

POOR JOE! HE WAS A NICE GUY... GULP!

ONE MORE MINUTE AND JOE'LL BE DEAD! ONE MORE MINUTE!



HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM LIGHTS? IS IT A BLACKOUT?

GOT TO BEAT IT! JOE'S DEAD! I BETTER GET BACK TO MY ROOM!

I WAS SURE THAT GUY FOLLOWING ME WAS JOE! H-HOW COULD IT BE? I'LL LISTEN...NO-O...NO ONE'S COMING!

JOE IS DYING... JOE'S DEAD! MAY- BE THE ELECTRIC CHAIR CURRENT TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS HERE... B-BUT HOW COULD IT? THE ELECTRIC CHAIR ALWAYS TAKES CURRENT AWAY! ALWAYS!

SAY, WHO STEPPED ON MY FOOT?

TURN ON THEM LIGHTS!



NOTHING'S HERE! BEHIND MY BACK! SOMETHING'S BEHIND MY BACK! I CAN'T TURN AROUND..B-BUT...I MUST!



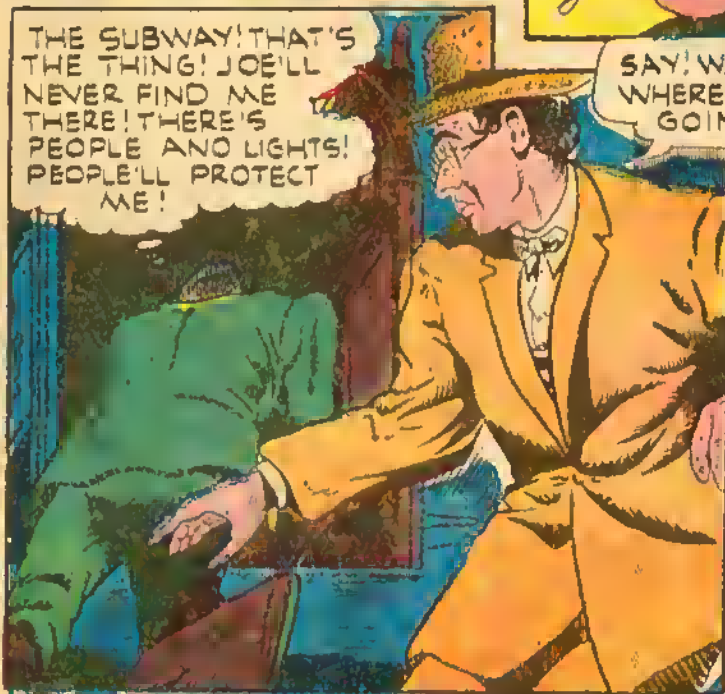
HE MUST HAVE RUN INTO THE CLOSET! HE'S IN THERE...I KNOW IT! THE DOORS OPENIN'...I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE... HE'S IN THIS ROOM!



BAM!



THE SUBWAY! THAT'S THE THING! JOE'LL NEVER FIND ME THERE! THERE'S PEOPLE AND LIGHTS! PEOPLE'LL PROTECT ME!



SAY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

NO SIR...HE'LL NEVER FIND ME HERE! I'LL STAY HERE IF I GOTTA RIDE ALL NIGHT! NOT TOO MANY PEOPLE... MUST BE GETTING LATE!

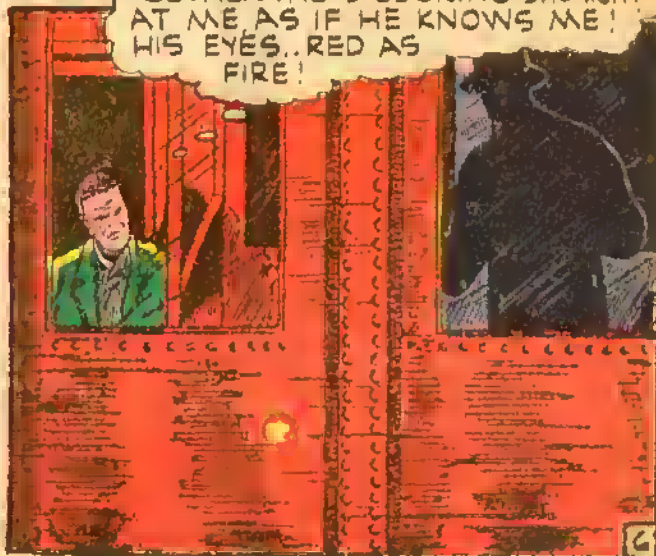


AN HOUR PASSES AND THE CAR BECOMES EMPTY OF ALL PASSENGERS EXCEPT ONE..AND IN THAT PERSON'S MIND A CROWD OF FEARS!

I'M ALL ALONE NOW! WELL, SO FAR SO GOOD..HOPE SOME ONE GETS ON THIS STATION WE'RE PULLING INTO!



THAT MAN...WE'RE ALONE TOGETHER! HE'S LOOKING STRAIGHT AT ME AS IF HE KNOWS ME! HIS EYES..RED AS FIRE!



WHY IS HE SITTING OPPOSITE ME!
WHY'S HE LOOKING AT ME LIKE
THAT... I'LL... I'LL ASK HIM WHY
HE'S LOOKING AT ME!



OKAY, SPILL IT! WHAT'RE
YA LOOKING AT ME FOR?
WHO ARE YOU? TALK --
OR I'LL BLAST YOUR
HEAD OFF! TALK!
TALK!



STAND BACK! WHO ARE YOU?
JOE, IS IT YOU... TELL ME IS IT
YOU? NOW THAT YOU'RE DEAD,
DO YOU KNOW WHO FRAMED
YOU... IS THAT IT.
STAY AWAY
FROM ME!



I'LL GET
AWAY YET...
WE'RE AT
THE STATION!



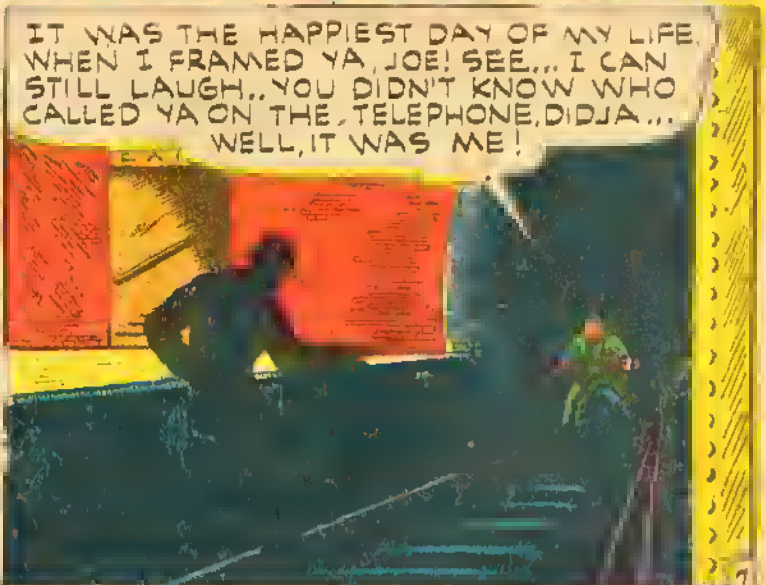
HE'S FOLLOWED
ME OUT!

STAY AWAY,
JOE! DON'T
COME NEAR
ME! I'LL KILL
YOU... I'LL
KILL YOU!



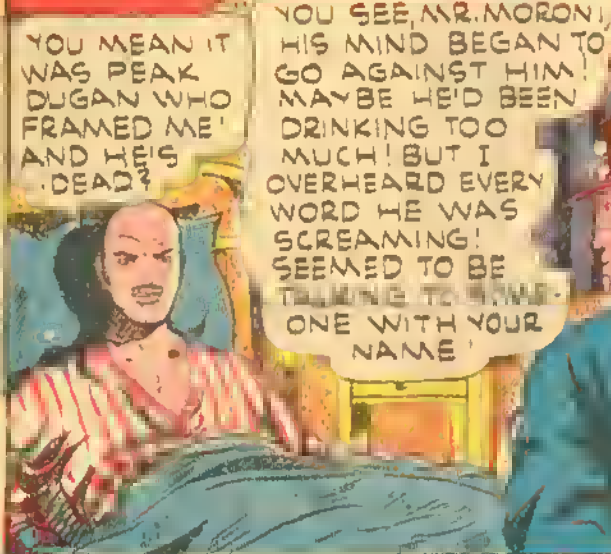
IT WAS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE
WHEN I FRAMED YA, JOE! SEE... I CAN
STILL LAUGH.. YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHO
CALLED YA ON THE TELEPHONE, DIDJA...
WELL, IT WAS ME!

SURE I PINNED THE COP KILLIN'
ON YA... YA DESERVED TO DIE!
I'LL DO IT ALL OVER-- OFFF!



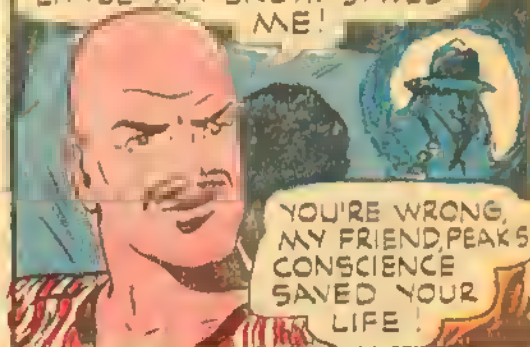


THE NEXT DAY AT THE PRISON HOSPITAL



YOU SEE, MR. MORON, HIS MIND BEGAN TO GO AGAINST HIM! MAYBE HE'D BEEN DRINKING TOO MUCH! BUT I OVERHEARD EVERY WORD HE WAS SCREAMING! SEEMED TO BE TALKING TO SOME-ONE WITH YOUR NAME!

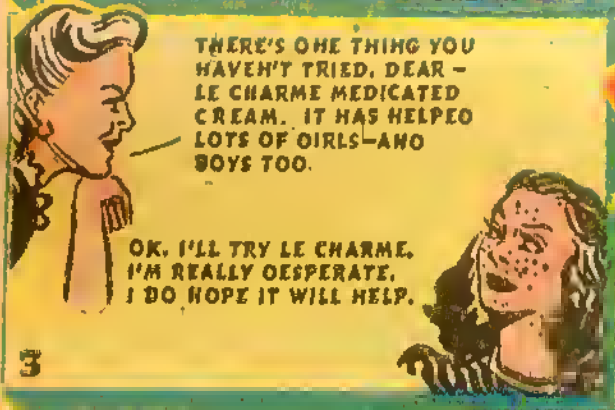
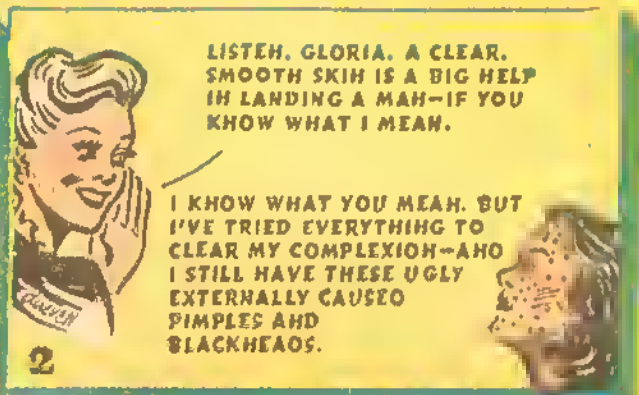
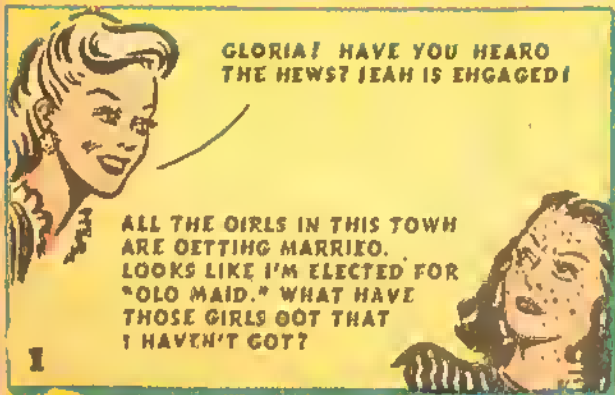
GOSH, IT WAS SURE LUCKY I GOT AN APPENDICITIS ATTACK ON THE WAY TO THE HOTSEAT! I WASN'T KIDDING WHEN I TOLD YOU MY SIDE HURT MY LITTLE APPENDIX SAVED ME!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

OF SUSPENSE COMICS published bi-monthly at St. Louis, Missouri, for October 1, 1944. State of New York, County of New York. Before me a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared F. Z. Temerson, who having been duly sworn according to law, depose and says that he is the President of the Continental Magazines, Inc., and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management, etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 4, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 531 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher Continental Magazines, Inc., 220 West 42nd Street, New York City; Editor in Chief, Managing Editor, R. R. Hermann, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City; Business Manager, F. Z. Temerson, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City. That the owner is Continental Magazines, Inc., 220 West 42nd Street, New York City. R. R. Hermann, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City; Editor Temerson, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City. That the paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person in whose name such stock or security is held, is given; also that the said paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed F. Z. Temerson, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1944. Ray R. Hermann, Notary Public. My commission expires March 30, 1946.

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10	166.00	10	332.00
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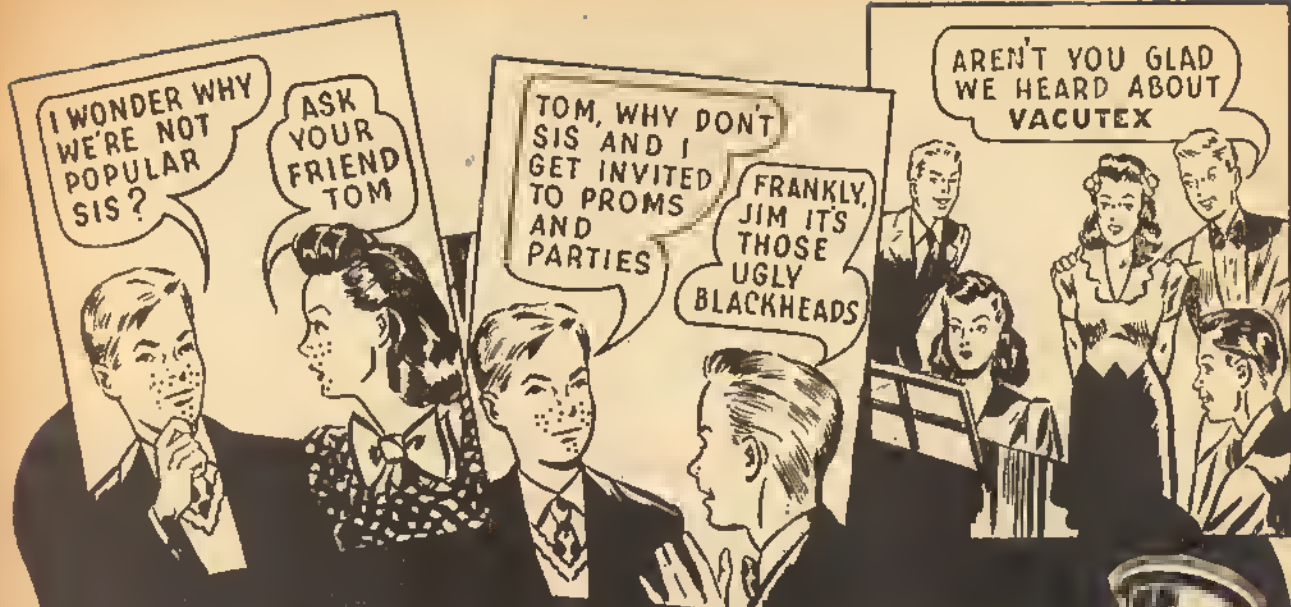
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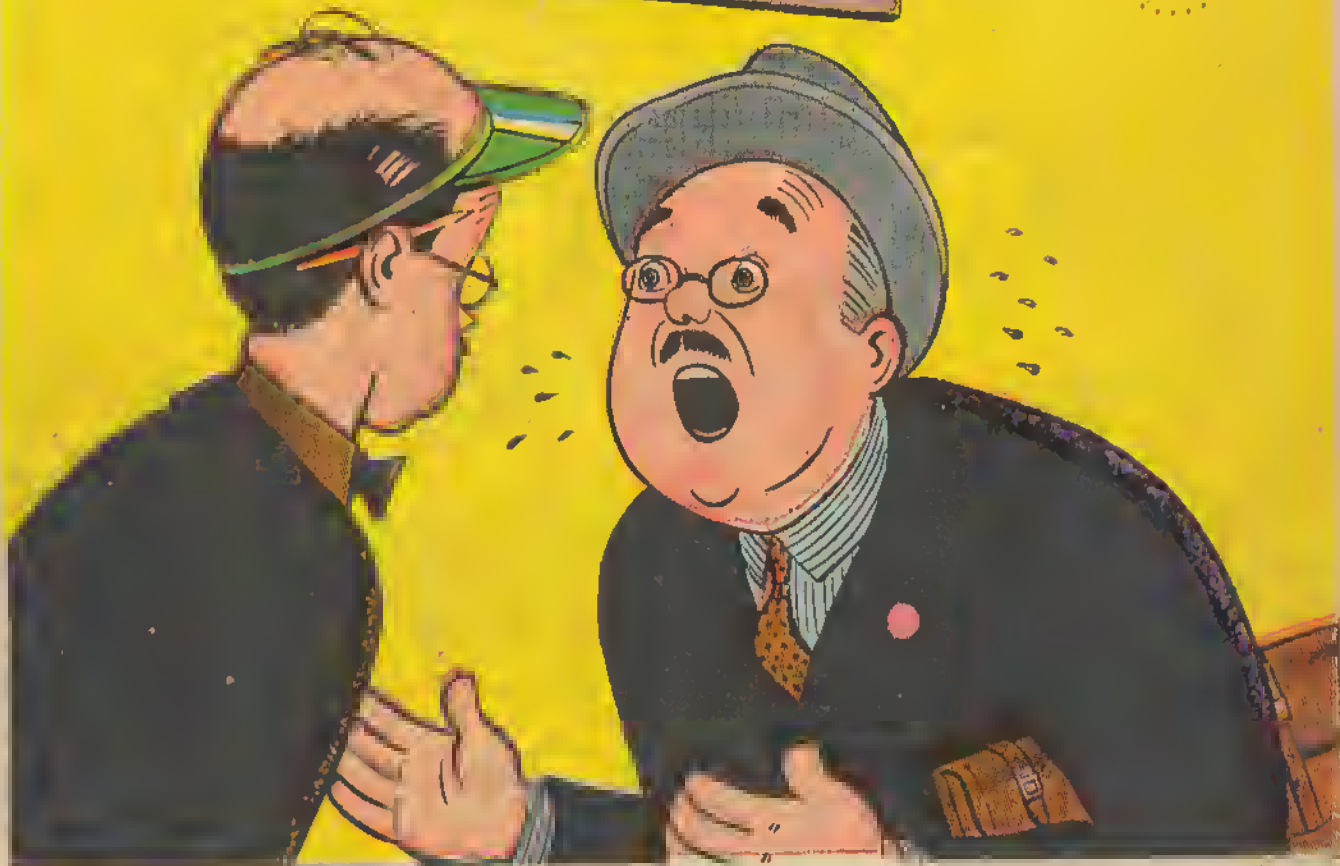
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